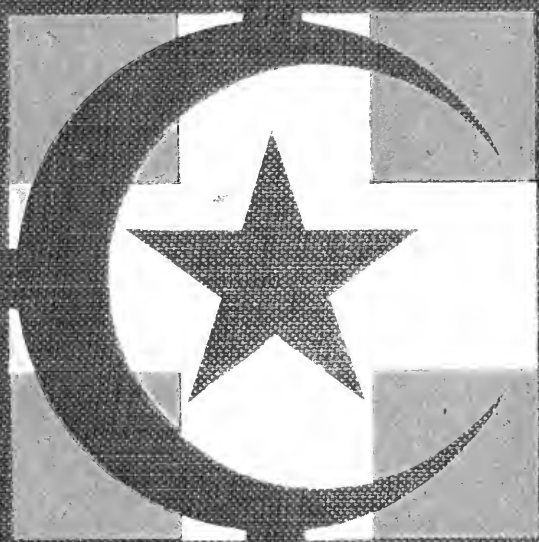


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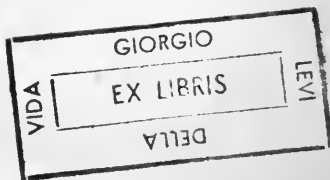
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# **IN THE SHADOW OF ISLAM**



DID I FRIGHTEN YOU?

# IN THE SHADOW OF ISLAM

BY

DEMETRA VAKA

(MRS. KENNETH-BROWN)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
E. POLLAK-OTTENDORFF



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TO ANNA FULLER  
MY "SISTER" AND SUNSHINE  
I DEDICATE  
THIS "SHADOW OF ISLAM"



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# IN THE SHADOW OF ISLAM

## CHAPTER I

MILLICENT GREY

THE Bridge of Galata was swarming with people, a stream of them coming from Stamboul, another going thither. It was late in the afternoon, and the setting sun bathed the capital of Sultan Abdul Hamid in warm dazzling colors.

A girl, tall and straight, with the free and independent American bearing, was hastening toward the bridge. As she passed the *caracol*, the *zaptiehs* stationed there watched her admiringly. One of the soldiers even saluted her, unconsciously.

Millicent Grey was oblivious of the homage paid her: her clear blue-gray eyes contained no consciousness of her radiant beauty; her firm lips, though they might have been chiseled by the hand of Praxiteles himself, indicated that vanity and coquetry had small part in her.

She paid her toll of a penny to one of the white-coated toll-gatherers, and stepped on the bridge. There she hesitated, looking to the right and to the left: on both sides were wooden steps, leading down to floating landings, and at all the landings she saw steamers, bewilderingly alike. A sense of location

was not one of her strong points, and wrinkle her pretty brows as she might, she could not remember which was the right landing.

She turned back to the toll-gatherer, who had taken her penny, and pronounced distinctly "Bosphorus!" The Turk smiled at her, still gathering pennies with both hands. It was his busiest hour; but with his eyes and a tilt of his head, he indicated the left side of the bridge. She thanked him and walked on. Yet her perplexity was only a little lessened, for as she now perceived, there were several boats on that left side. But she was young and fearless, and this seemed almost an adventure. The novelty of it all crowded out her anxiety.

When she had come down from Therapia in the morning with her uncle, who was attached to the American Embassy, they had hastened from the boat to a cab, and without a backward glance had driven up to Péra. Now a glorious panorama lay before her eyes, and the whole scene had an entirely strange aspect. Being alone, there was nothing to distract her from the sights of this most picturesque of cities.

Directly in front of her lay Stamboul, besprinkled with minarets, striving to reach Allah's blue throne. Above the city, as above the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, a multitude of sea gulls were flying, executing in the air, with astonishing rapidity, every possible graceful movement.

The American girl stood gazing, first at the Mussulman city before her, stretching gracefully into the different seas, and then at the European city behind her, on its seven hills, and dominated by the Tower of Galata, which was built by the Genovese when for a brief period they were masters here.

At this hour the Golden Horn, in the golden light of the sunset, was justifying its name, and the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus, with their vivid delf blue, accentuated the gold of their neighbor. *Caïques* and swift barges of all sizes and forms were being propelled over the waters. It was the best hour of the day to be on the bridge, and the girl stood looking at the enchanting scenery, and at the people in their curious garbs, — for each nationality parades its own in Turkey, — who were so unconscious of the part they played in the heterogeneous whole. Even *Millicent*, as she watched the others and wondered if they realized how different they were from each other, did not think that she, too, was adding to the heterogeneity which fascinated her. Her yellow gold hair, her white linen suit, and her radiant Anglo-Saxon beauty, made her as different from the other women on the bridge as her country was different from Turkey.

From her contemplation she was roused by some one pulling at her skirt, and looking down she saw a half man, sewed in a leather tray. On his hands he

wore wooden sandals, for walking; and one of these hands, hard and calloused, he held out to her. In her health and strength the sight was pitiful, and to his wailing plea she opened her purse and gave him all the coppers she had.

A shrill whistle from the landing below reminded her of her journey, and she ran down the wooden steps. Another whistle and the American girl hastened still faster. She waved her slip of green paper to the man at the gate, and passed through — a few seconds too late.

The boat was in motion.

“Oh, stop!” she cried. But the strip of water between her and the boat only widened.

The men at the gangway were trying to convey to her, with expressive gestures, that she had lost the boat, which she was quite well aware of already.

At this instant she noticed that in turning the stern of the steamer was swinging in toward the landing. A few seconds later it almost grazed it; and Millicent, holding her bag tight in one hand, and clutching her short skirt with the other, sprang on the boat, before the men on the landing had guessed her intention.

From the spectators there rose a cry of admiration. Somewhat flushed and embarrassed, the girl made her way to the first-class upper deck, which was already crowded. Several men rose and offered her their stools. She accepted one near the railing and sat

down, trying to make herself as inconspicuous as possible. From her bag she took out a fan and plied it to cool her flushed cheeks. The fanning made several stray locks of hair, which had escaped from under her hat, fly up and down. It was not unbecoming.

The heat of the day began to wane as the breeze came up from the Black Sea. Millicent put away her fan, and gave herself over to enjoying the sail. The Sultan's capital, now bathed in the colors of the afterglow and retreating into the distance, offered her a new enchantment; and she forgot those about her, forgot all except her hopes and dreams for this country, where the sun was setting in such wondrous colors, yet where the sun of modern civilization never yet had risen.

Her thoughts flew back to the happenings of the last few months. She could hardly believe that she, Millicent Grey, of Boston, was actually here. Nothing had been further from her expectations, in June, when she had sat in her room at Radcliffe and pondered on what her future life was to be. The examinations were then over, and only the final festivities of Class Day remained before she should go from this little world beneath the Washington Elm into the great world outside. She knew that she was to have her degree, with frills — "cum laude" was the official term.

Unlike some of her classmates, she felt little regret at the thought of leaving college. It had always been

to her, more than to most of her companions, only a period of preparation. The real interest was to what use she should put this long period of schooling. Like all generous youth, Millicent could not bear the thought of frittering away her life without doing anything for this great world which lay at her feet, dumbly entreating her to stoop and help it to rise. Yet the practical problem, just exactly what to do, could not easily be answered.

Like many modern girls she did not look upon matrimony as a career. It might come to her. Poetry and romance told her that it probably would. But as yet her heart was untouched, and it seemed a far-distant realm, this realm of love; and she was too vividly alive to wait for the distantly possible, when the real and actual lay all around her.

Millicent was an orphan, and rich. Hence the most interesting of all problems, that of making a livelihood, was removed from her life. Although not lacking in a wholesome and normal liking for pleasure, that, like matrimony, was to her an incident of life, not a possible object of living.

Yet none of the openings for her efforts immediately at hand appealed to her. There were already so many well-intentioned workers for all the work to be done. Sometimes she thought there were more workers uplifting humanity than there remained humanity to be uplifted. All seemed so thoroughly charted and



mapped, here in America. Millicent longed for some virgin fields to work in, some places where the power she felt welling up within her should find adequate foes to combat. She wished to take up no calling to which she could give only lukewarm enthusiasm.

At this time there came to her a letter from an aunt whose husband was connected with the Embassy at Constantinople, inviting her to come and pay her a long visit. The suggestion seemed providential. It was a hand beckoning to her from the East, where all was yet unenlightened. Her ideas as to what she would do when she got there were quite hazy; but this troubled her not at all. She felt herself an explorer, and the explorer can never tell what he will find. He searches for a passage to India and discovers America. After she had been there awhile she could tell better what was to be done. There, there were surely the hosts of darkness to combat. There, womanhood was the subject of man's baser side. There, were the Armenians — but others were already interested in the Armenians. She meant to fly higher and charge the very homes of the Turks themselves.

Her aunt's promise of a good time was not without its allurements, but it was not what chiefly attracted her. It was the opportunity for seeing at first-hand what needed to be done in this bit of darkest Europe. When she thoroughly understood this, she could come home and enlist American Womanhood in the fight —

and what power of heathendom or reaction could withstand the determined charge of American Womanhood? Certainly Millicent could imagine none.

Now she had been in Turkey for some weeks. Thus far she had been lost in the sheer intoxication of the new sensations it afforded her. She had never been out of America before, except for a brief vacation trip to England, and she felt as if she could not study this strange new world enough. She began to perceive that the problem of regenerating Turkey was bigger than she had imagined. There were no handles offered the well-meaning to take hold of for pulling it out of the slough. Indeed, Millicent was rather surprised to grasp the fact that it did not seem to wish to be pulled out. The yearning for uplift had not struck Turkey; but she put these practical considerations off. For the present it was enough to observe — to see — to take in herself. Afterward would be time to give out.

Meanwhile the steamer she had boarded so cavalierly was proceeding steadily on its course, and Millicent, recalling herself from her vagrant meditations, began to have an uneasy feeling that it was not going in the right direction.

When the boat passed the point which divides the Sea of Marmora from the Bosphorus, she looked at the Serai Bournou and at the retreating shores of the river, and felt a moral conviction that the scenery was

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different from that which she had seen in the morning, coming down.

She had a spasm of fright, as the certainty of her mistake came upon her. She had taken the wrong boat.

## CHAPTER II

### THE TURK AND THE ARMENIAN

MILLICENT'S momentary fright was succeeded by a rush of elation. It was too interesting and jolly for alarm. After all, she had only to get off at the first landing and take the next steamer back. Her pride did wince, however, as she remembered the discussion with her aunt before setting out that morning: —

“No, my dear Millicent, you must not come back alone. Why, child, I have been here a year, and I can hardly turn around by myself. It isn't as if you could speak Turkish, or even Greek — and these people don't seem to understand any English.”

Millicent, with the rash self-confidence of American girlhood, had insisted that she was fully capable of taking care of herself, although she had been to town only twice with her uncle, until Mrs. Appleby, who preferred anything to a discussion, had given in.

The result was now humiliating to the young adventurer.

Unlike those that went up the Bosphorus, the boat puffed along for an hour without making a stop. The crowd of many nations did not seem to care for the scenery as she did. To most of them it was a matter

of daily routine, and they were more anxious to land than to gaze about them. The men, by the failing light, were reading the papers. This is the usual occupation of the male, in going to and from his business, even when he knows that a severe censorship has left little worth reading in the paper. Several of the Turks were playing backgammon, while some European men were talking to the Christian women whom they happened to know. The Turkish women were invisible, behind the canvas partition which kept them separate from the rest of the world, even in traveling.

Millicent was aware that she was stared at too long and too openly. But though she had been only a short time in this land, she had learned not to resent it. From her aunt she had heard that in Turkey staring was only a respectful homage to beauty. In the looks of the men whose eyes were upon her there was something impersonal, something akin to the admiration she was bestowing on the landscape. They did not mean to annoy her, any more than she meant to offend the dark-blue Oriental sky, or the gray-blue sea framing the land which enchanted her. They gazed upon her as something beautiful, made by the Creator for the pleasure of mankind.

There were two men, however, upon whom she made more than a passing impression. The one was an Armenian, short and stout, with large, black, dreamy eyes. He looked at her and caressed his black

moustache, and looked at her again in a way that Millicent's brother, had she had one, would have resented.

The other man was a tall, slender young Osmanli. He was the kind of a Turk who attracts the attention of Europeans, not only for his physical perfection, but also for the light which shines in his eyes, a light both intellectual and spiritual. He was manifestly a dreamer—such as the Young Turks Party drew its most devoted followers from at that time. His hair and moustache were blue-black, his eyes dark blue, and his skin olive. He moved proudly among the crowd on the boat, in the Osmanli consciousness of superiority of race. He walked collectedly as a panther. There was something exquisitely delicate about him, which in another man might have been effeminate.

From his position he could see the American girl without being noticed by her. His look was not persistent. Through half-closed eyes he gazed at her, then his glance traveled to the horizon, while his expression became more dreamy, more remote. He might have been a painter visualizing the picture he meant to paint, or a musician listening to the chords of the symphony he was to compose.

At length he caught sight of the Armenian, whose languorous eyes were fixed on the face of the girl, and then the dreamer vanished from the face of the

young Turk. The mystic became lost in the fighter. The Mussulman blood, which, when roused, knows no pity, awoke in him. From that moment he did not lose sight of the Armenian. The latter did not chance to meet his glance, or he might have taken warning from it.

At this time the steamer was approaching the stone pier which projects from the island of Eibeli.

Millicent rose, like the others, and stood undecided whether to speak to some one here on the boat, or to wait until she was on the pier. She was so engrossed with her own affairs that she did not notice the Armenian, until, in the crowding around the gangway, she felt a soft, fat hand touching her.

Brusquely she moved away, and a minute later was down on the quay. There she halted for an instant, forgetful of her predicament, and looked up at the island rising steeply, high into the air, covered with pine trees, among which the summer residences were half hidden.

From her contemplation she was roused by a voice, soft and drawling: —

“Vous êtes bien belle, mademoiselle.”

It was the Armenian.

The red mounted to Millicent's cheeks, and her eyes flashed with indignation. Men had stared, but he was the first who had dared address her.

The Armenian, quite oblivious of her distaste, thrust his face toward hers, and said insinuatingly: —

“Vous êtes faites pour des caresses.”

The girl began to be frightened. Every one on the pier seemed so intent on his own business, and the Armenian so confident. She stepped away from him. He followed her, and his lips were parted for another sentence, when the Turk, who had been delayed on the gangway, came up.

Gravely he kicked the Armenian off the pier. It was done with an air of courtesy, as if he were removing an obstruction from her path.

Millicent found herself murmuring, “Thank you!”

The crowd surged onward, hardly deigning a glance at the incident. Only an official hurried up, and asked how the Armenian had happened to fall into the water.

“Ask him,” the Turk replied. Turning to Millicent he said in English: “Is there not something else I can do for you? Are you not in trouble?”

“Will not the man drown?” she anxiously inquired.

“He is only an Armenian,” he answered indifferently, “but he will not drown. Some one will throw him a rope — see! But *you* are alone. Do you know your way? Where are your people?”

“I — I don’t know. That is to say, they are at Therapia, — and I took the wrong boat. I am a stranger here, so I don’t know just what to do — but I am so much obliged to you for — er — ”

A smile lit up the rather stern face of the Turk, a



smile which called an answering one from the American girl.

"You have come in just the opposite direction from where you wished to go — and there is no way for you to get there to-night," he said.

"Then what am I to do?"

Millicent had the pleasant trust of American women that every stranger — except such creatures as the dripping one, slinking off the end of the pier — would be only too eager to help a woman out of a difficulty.

The boat's whistle sounded, and the Turk turned quickly: —

"Come on the boat again. It is going on to Bouyouk-Ada, and there I can help you."

They hurried aboard the boat, and only after it was under way did Millicent think — aloud: —

"I suppose I could have gone to a hotel on this island."

The Turk hesitated, and said at last: —

"It is difficult for a young lady who is not known and is alone to find accommodations at a hotel."

"But you could have told them, could you not?"

He looked out over the water without replying.

Millicent grew annoyed at his impassivity. She was not used, in men, to a manner so detached as his. They usually summoned whatever vivacity they possessed to try to please her.

"Why don't you answer me?" she demanded.

He turned his calm gaze from the waves to her.

“You said you were a newcomer here?”

“I have been here only two weeks.”

“I am an Osmanli, and we do not go about with women.”

The announcement of his nationality came as a shock to Millicent. It gave her a momentary feeling of repulsion to him, but the charm of his personality dispelled this.

“You are not English, — you are American, are you not?” he continued.

“Yes.”

“On the next island I know a compatriot of yours. Mrs. Newbury is her name. She will take care of you.”

The boat was already approaching the island. They landed on a stone pier longer than the other.

The Turk helped her down the gangway with a distant consideration, and walked along beside her without speaking.

On the shore hundreds of people were waiting for their friends, forming a human hedge through which they passed. There were gay dresses of women of all nationalities, except Turkish; and the greetings and exclamations of pleasure, as friends recognized each other in the waning light, were constant.

Millicent noticed the respectful way in which her escort was saluted, and she began to wonder who he was. Only once did he speak to her during their short

walk, and that was to tell her to go slowly and not to let herself be carried along by the crowd.

When the throng had dispersed, he took Millicent to one of the open cafés and found her a place at a table somewhat hidden from the public eye.

“If you will sit here, I will be back in not more than half an hour. There will be a waiter to see that nobody annoys you.”

“But why don’t you take me to the American lady now?”

Again the Turk hesitated. “It is true that it is growing dark, but even so I do not think it wise that you should be seen alone with a man.”

“Very well,” Millicent answered, curiously touched at his chivalry.

It was all part of the adventure: the lights and music from the café; the polyglot chatter that reached her ears; and her odd champion striding off in her behalf through the deepening dark outside.

A waiter came up with a glass of sorbet, and took up his stand at a little distance from her. He had none of the waiter’s ordinary ingratiating ways. He did not even look at her, but stood silent and rigid.

“I guess they had better *not* speak to me,” Millicent reflected, watching the unbending figure of her guardian with a whimsical smile.

Presently the thought came to her to wonder what would happen if she herself tried to go away from this

spot. There were now only a few persons left in the café, and none near her. Suppose a carriage drove up and she were forced into it. Would any resistance of hers avail, or summon assistance? "They look as if they would take a thing like that quite calmly," she thought. "I believe I *will* go over where there are more people."

She stirred in her seat, and her guardian cast a severe look of reproof at her.

She did not get up. "I feel just about five years old — and forbidden to move from my chair," she thought nervously.

Below, from the waters of the Marmora, a boatman was singing a *mané*, lying in his little caïque, while far, far away the faint light from the city of Stamboul shone up into the sky. But Millicent was no longer able to enjoy any of the beauty around her. With every minute that passed her nervous dread increased.

The instinctive mistrust of Christian for Mussulman came back to her. He had dispelled it, when with her, but the dark and the silent presence of her jailer brought every horrible possibility to her mind. What if the Turk were to return and carry her off where no one again could hear of her? Such things happened, in this uncivilized country.

The sound of carriage wheels, rapidly driving up, sent a crinkly feeling of horror over all her skin and up

among the roots of her hair. At the same moment her jailer turned toward her, as if to be ready to frustrate any attempt at escape. For once in her life she knew what it was to be so frightened that she was incapable either of moving or of crying out.

The carriage stopped at a little distance, and rapid footsteps came toward the spot where she was sitting.

## CHAPTER III

### A GIANT ASLEEP

**T**HIS is Mrs. Newbury." It was the Turk speaking.

"Why! You are Miss Grey, are you not?" a pretty lady in evening dress exclaimed, as she shook Millicent's cold hand. "I thought you might be, from what Orkhan Effendi told me. I have seen you with Mr. Appleby — and of course I knew, a long time ago, that our colony was to have such a charming visitor. Mr. Newbury, too, is an attaché."

While the lady was talking, Millicent had time to pull herself together, and to stifle the desire to burst into hysterical laughter, or tears, she did not know which.

"I'm glad you happened to live here," she managed to say, as her hostess paused for breath. "I had become pretty frightened, I'll admit. One certainly can imagine all manner of things occurring here."

"Some of them occur, too," Mrs. Newbury added gayly. "Have you telegraphed to your uncle?"

"How stupid of me! I ought to have sent it while I was waiting," Millicent exclaimed.

"If Miss Grey will let me, I will attend to that," Orkhan Effendi said.

“Yes, let him do it, for really I am in a desperate hurry. I have a dinner party at home, but this ferocious young man insisted that I come and fetch you myself. We must hurry back.”

“Oh, I *am* so sorry.” Millicent turned to Orkhan Effendi with a smile rendered very friendly by relief that he was not kidnaping her: “I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for all you have done for me.”

The Turk bowed low without a word.

“Good-bye! You know where to telegraph,” Mrs. Newbury said when they were at the carriage. “It was good of you to think of me when you needed help.”

“It is not hard to think of you in connection with beautiful things,” he answered, and stood watching them drive out of sight, up the steep road leading to the hills.

Naturally Millicent’s adventure was the topic of conversation at the dinner party in which she found herself the odd number.

Being several sizes taller than her hostess, she perforce remained in her street clothes. Yet in her simple white linen suit she made a very charming contrast.

“I could have asked Orkhan Effendi to balance you,” her hostess said, “but he never goes to dinner parties where there are women. I wonder why, for he does sometimes come to our garden parties. He does not seem to object to us there.”

"I was quite surprised," said Millicent, "to find a Turk so chivalrous. I thought they were anything but that."

"This is an idea you have imported from home," Mr. Newbury put in. "We have a lot of established ideas in America on things we know nothing about. After you have been here awhile you will change your opinions of the Turks in a good many respects. They are a queer mixture of bad and good, and we only know the bad side of them at home."

On the other side of Millicent sat a Greek, with a high forehead and a large mouth. He had been watching her with interest, but up to now had taken no part in the conversation. He answered to the name of Righo, which was the middle section of his rather unwieldy full name of Paparighopoulos. Suddenly he asked her:—

"Aside from the service he rendered you, did you like your Turkish champion?"

Millicent answered him by another question:—

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, I know him," he answered in a curiously reserved tone. Then, as if feeling that she might make a mistaken deduction from his manner, he added: "We were together at Oxford, though he is several years younger than I."

The conversation at the table had become less general, and the pairs were talking together.



“Oh! was he educated at Oxford?” Millicent asked with surprise.

“Yes.”

The Greek volunteered no more, and Millicent for a while ate in silence; then she turned again to him: —

“In spite of what Mr. Newbury said, is n’t it rather unusual for a Turk to be chivalrous to a woman, and especially to a Christian woman?”

The Greek closed his eyes for a second, as if to give her speech time to travel to his brain. When he opened them the suspicion of a smile was on his lips.

“You said that before. What makes you think that Turks are never chivalrous toward women?”

Millicent again answered him with a question: —

“Are they? I thought that to them women were mere trifles, to play with for a while, to shut up in a box all by themselves, till it becomes time to play with them again.”

Her frank and serious manner charmed the Greek.

“The Osmanlis are poets, *par excellence*,” he remarked gravely. “Do the poets look upon women as mere trifles?”

Millicent considered.

“Who is Orkhan Effendi?” she asked directly.

“An Unspeakable Turk.”

“He told me that himself.”

“Did he use the same epithet?”

“No, not even the same noun. But apart from Mr. Gladstone’s *phrase célèbre*, who is he?”

“His mother was Zarah Sultana, the youngest sister of the Sultan. She died some years ago. There are those that say she favored her imprisoned brother, the ex-Sultan — and therefore she died.”

A bitter smile curled the lips of the Greek, but faded away quickly.

“Are you a Turk?” Millicent asked suddenly, with misgiving.

Righo laughed.

“No, I am a Greek, and consequently a hereditary enemy to the Turk, but — ” He hesitated, with the instinctive caution natural in Turkey.

“But — ” insisted Millicent.

“I like Orkhan Effendi.”

An Englishman who sat opposite Millicent at this instant attracted her attention by the question: —

“Have you any idea, Miss Grey, who the Armenian chap was that Orkhan Effendi knocked about?”

“Not the faintest.”

“I wonder if it was a spy. They are everywhere, you know. I wish all of them could be kicked into the Marmora. But they have got pretty sharp teeth. I hope the beggar won’t get back at Orkhan for his ducking.”

Millicent turned quickly to the Greek.

“Do you think the Armenian could hurt him? He seemed so disdainful of him.”

“He would be just as disdainful of him if he knew he would bring death upon him to-morrow. It’s a great philosophy, that religion of the Turks. They do not worry: they trust in Allah.”

After dinner they went out on the marble terrace for coffee. The Englishman, Sir Mohr MacGreggor, made his way to Millicent’s side. He was a round little man, with an ease of manner coming not only from a well-bred ancestry, but also from much knocking about the world. He had been attracted to her at dinner, but had found it difficult to compete with the Greek.

“I say, you were lucky, Miss Grey,” he exclaimed, “to fall into an adventure so soon after your arrival in Turkey. The most romantic adventure most people encounter here is being cheated by a wretched Armenian in the Bouyouk-Tsharsi.”

“Now that I have begun so well,” Millicent replied, “I shall expect to keep right on. I am sure there must really be enough of them, if one only knows how to go about finding them.”

Sir Mohr smoothed his blond moustache.

“Quite so,” he admitted thoughtfully. “I suppose I am a humdrum sort of person myself, but it seems to me you get more pleasure, on the whole, out of simple things, like tennis parties and picnics. Adventures read well in books, but in real life they are often deucedly uncomfortable.”

“But are we in life just for humdrum pleasures?” Millicent exclaimed, almost contemptuously. “I should not care to live, if that were all I had to look forward to.”

The little round Englishman sipped his coffee contemplatively for a minute. Then he waved a pudgy hand toward the Sea of Marmora, now lighted up by the rays of the rising moon.

“Not half bad that, is it? It’s a beautiful country; but I suppose if you’d set out to try to bring together as heterogeneous and inharmonious a lot of people as possible, you could n’t have got a worse mixture than you find here in Turkey.” After a minute’s musing, he added: “They’ve got the only government possible for them. The Young Turks talk about a constitution —”

Millicent, her starry eyes looking out over the dark sea, and thinking her own thoughts about this country, was giving no great attention to the remarks of the little Englishman, when they were interrupted by the approach of Righo and an elderly American lady, Mrs. Finlay. Sir Mohr, with a word of excuse, rose and went to Mrs. Newbury at the other end of the terrace.

“That is rather an extraordinary man,” Righo remarked, looking after him.

“Really! I had n’t discovered it,” Millicent replied. “He told me he found more satisfaction in tennis parties and picnics than in adventures.”

Righo laughed, somewhat immoderately, it struck the American girl.

"Well, he ought to know. He has been confidential agent for two or three governments, and I don't suppose there is a man in Turkey who has had more adventures than he, in spite of his matter-of-fact air. Indeed, I believe he comes out of them alive by treating them as mere commonplaces."

"Oh!" Millicent exclaimed, a good deal mortified that she should have so misjudged him.

"When you see him in a place, you may be pretty certain that — as a compatriot of yours expressed it — there is something doing."

"Then is his being here a sign that the Young Turks —?"

The Greek shrugged his shoulders, and appealed to Mrs. Finlay.

"You have seen a good deal of us, and as an outsider can perhaps judge better whether the country is ready for a change."

Mrs. Finlay was a motherly woman, who had lost her husband and all her children, and was trying to forget her sorrow in helping others.

"I am very glad, dear, that nothing unpleasant came to you from your adventure," she said to Millicent, with her kind smile. It was the first direct conversation she had had with the girl. "I have been in Asia Minor for the last two years, and adventures are

not what I should like to see a young girl have in this country."

Millicent was interested in her at once.

"Were you out there helping the Turkish women?"

"No, dear. *They* will have none of us, and they do not need us. I was trying to do what little I could for the Armenians. They are a sad lot out there." She turned to the Greek: "I owe you a great deal, Mr. Righo. It is thanks to your letters that the people took me to their hearts and did not mistrust me."

"I have been through that part of the world several times on pleasure trips."

Mrs. Finlay adjusted her eyeglasses and looked up at the Greek.

"They must have been queer pleasure trips," she remarked, without smiling.

He nodded. "Very," he said briefly.

"They kill them, my dear Miss Grey — they kill them like mosquitoes," said Mrs. Finlay with awe.

"They kill each other, you mean," Righo corrected. "You were out there when the Turks were doing the killing. Occasionally it is the other way. You see, Miss Grey, we Greeks, and the Armenians, and a dozen other races, are Turkish subjects, but we vow no allegiance to the Turk. In our hearts we are subjects of other nationalities whom we cherish to the detriment of the one which is governing us. Turkey

suffers from excess of nationalities; and whenever any of the nationalities becomes too strong, or too obstreperous—" He shrugged his shoulders. "Some day I hope we shall learn to trust and to love the race which governs us."

Mrs. Finlay again adjusted her glasses, and gazed at the Greek uncomprehendingly.

"I thought," she said, "that the Greeks hated the Turks."

"So they do, and that is the pity of it. Supposing America were to begin to decline, and was badly governed, do you think that the different races which have made up America would be justified in hating each other? What we need in Turkey is to *love* one another, and to be pulling together."

"I can see the Turk and the Armenian pulling together," said Mrs. Finlay. "Yes, I can see them. They will be like the lion and the lamb, and when the lion is hungry, God pity the lamb."

"Yes," said the Greek, "and I can see the Bulgarian and the Greek pulling together. They will be like two wildcats tied by their tails. Just the same, pulling together is what Turkey needs."

"And will that day ever come?" asked Mrs. Nash, the other lady of the party, joining their group.

"I doubt it," Mrs. Finlay answered emphatically.

"I hope so," put in Righo, "since it is our only salvation."

"I was only a little girl when my father came here from England," Mrs. Nash said. "I have grown up in this country, and the more I understand the situation, the more convinced I become that the country is doomed to destruction, because of its internal dissensions."

At that moment, from a caïque at a distance a voice rose upon the night air. It was a voice young and fresh, singing an old Turkish ballad.

"Ah! this is beautiful," Mrs. Nash exclaimed. Putting her arm through that of Mrs. Finlay she added: "Come and sit down on a comfortable chair. It will last for some time. You will have this to take with you to America — never to forget. We do have some beautiful things in Turkey."

The two older women, arm in arm, went to a settee, and Millicent and Righo were left to themselves again.

"Would you like to sit down, too?" he asked.

She shook her head, her whole attention given to the song, which rose and fell over the water. There was a time when it was gay. Then the tones grew sadder and sadder, and without any warning, it ceased altogether.

The Greek sighed, and unconsciously the American girl did the same.

"Will it begin again?" she asked.

"I doubt it," he answered. "A few houses below some imperial ladies are visiting. The singer must be



a *seraighi*. The Turkish people are artists in emotion: they never repeat. She probably was sent out there to sing that one song only."

Faintly there came to them the sound of oars, and presently they could make out the dim shape of a caïque. It passed quite near the terrace, and they saw the white veils of the occupants.

Righo leaned forward and called: —

"Teshecur ed erim."

A laughing, musical voice replied: —

"Beshe deil."

"What did you say?" Millicent asked.

"We exchanged courtesies."

For a little time they stood silent; then the Greek, à propos of nothing, said: —

"What I admire about you American women is that you seem capable of deeds, as I cannot imagine an excitable French or Italian woman."

"Charlotte Corday and Jeanne of Naples were capable of deeds," Millicent rejoined.

"Ah! you know history!" Righo cried. "That means you love great, real actions. Perhaps you would even help them on, if you could?" He was looking at her with singular intensity.

"Have you any for me to perform?" she asked lightly.

With this Greek, despite their differences of nationality, environment, and training, she already had

a feeling of friendliness. They were sympathetic, as the Italians say, and could understand each other without diagrams.

“Who knows?” Righo replied. “This is a strange land, Miss Grey, and you look as if God meant you for great things.”

At a loss just how to take this, the girl turned her eyes to the distant coast of Turkey.

“It looks like a giant, lying dead, with his head upon his arm,” she said.

“It is a giant, but he is not dead — only asleep. When he awakes, Heaven help us all, unless we are prepared for the awakening.”

There was a thrill in his voice which stirred Millicent.

“You are a Young Turk?” she asked impulsively, raising her eyes to his.

With his little finger he knocked the ash from the cigarette, and it floated down into the water which laved the wall of the terrace. His next words did not give a categorical reply to her question.

“When you see a man here in whose eyes lies a dream, do not ask him if he is a Young Turk: be certain of it.”

“But what can we accomplish with dreams?” Millicent asked.

“You are mistaken, Miss Grey. What is a dream but an aspiration of the soul? Gradually it reaches the

brain; the mind understands and resolves; the body obeys—and you have action. Pity those who have no dreams; for their souls are asleep, and they will never accomplish immortal deeds.”

“There have been dreamers who have only dreamed — and died still dreaming,” the girl answered, falling into his mood.

The Greek shook his head.

“Again you are mistaken. A beautiful thought never dies,<sup>6</sup> though the man may. When his soul leaves his body, his dream floats in the air till another soul, traveling toward the earth, receives it, and the dream is on earth again. There are dreams and dreams, Miss Grey; there are those which can be understood and put into execution by him who dreams them, and others which must pass through men’s minds for centuries — ever developing, ever waiting for the world to advance sufficiently — before they may become deeds. Orkhan Effendi’s dream — my dream — is an old one which has been filling the air of this country for years and years. It is an old dream which has acquired strength and beauty with age. We feel its force now because our brain, analyzing it, understands it. From the understanding to the realization is but — Forgive me, Miss Grey, why should I bother you with our dream? — you who are yourself the personification of a beautiful dream, — perhaps your mother’s.”

"I have never known my mother," the girl said. "She died when I was born."

"Yes, there must be dreams that kill, too," he said, in slow rumination. His arms were crossed on his breast, in an attitude which in an American would have had a touch of the melodramatic. In him it seemed quite natural. Millicent thought that he might have been an ancient Greek, about to deliver an immortal oration. "I lost mine, too, when I needed her most." His face hardened as he spoke; then abruptly he changed the subject. "May I bring my sister to see you, Miss Grey? I am fourteen years older than she. When my mother died, I promised to be the child's guardian. It is hard to be mother and father to a girl."

"Is your father dead?" Millicent asked sympathetically.

"My father — my father —" he repeated. "He is dead — and his blood —"

He checked the passionate outburst. Pointing toward the dim coast of Turkey, he said unsteadily: —

"It is a giant, Miss Grey, but he is only sleeping."

## CHAPTER IV

### THE HOOT OF THE OWL

ORKHAN EFFENDI sat at a large table, intently examining what appeared to be the rough plan of an elaborate country-place. He referred frequently from it to a sheet of paper, closely written over. From time to time he made minute marks on the plan with red, green, and blue pencils.

The silence of the night was broken by the melancholy hoot of an owl. Orkhan raised his head. The note of the bird of night sounded again, and this time the Turk slipped an automatic pistol into his pocket, turned out the light, and stepped forth on the stone balcony outside his room. It overhung the water, and was supported by huge stone brackets. Noiselessly he lowered a light rope ladder over the balustrade, and crouched down, pistol in hand.

The moon was under a big cloud, and the sea lay black beneath him. Far across it a few lights indicated the position of Chartal on the Asiatic coast. Off to the right lay the bare island of Antirovinthos.

Again the hoot of the owl came over the water. To this third signal the Turk made answer in the same way.

The sound of muffled oars came faintly to him. A

rowboat was approaching. It passed directly under the balcony and without stopping continued on its way. The ropeladder, however, stiffened and creaked, as with some weight. A few seconds later the face of Righo showed dimly against the darkness.

He climbed swiftly over the balustrade, and without a word began hauling up the ladder.

"Sh!" he warned, when it lay on the stone floor at their feet.

The two men stood, every nerve of hearing so strained that the Greek's heartbeats were plainly audible.

Before the first boat had gone many rods, they could make out the faint sound of another, its oars also muffled, following on the track of the first. It did not bear in quite so close to the shore, and passed on out of hearing.

Righo chuckled.

"They will have a long row, to-night, for nothing. My boatmen are going completely around the island, and back to the place they started from."

The two men stepped into the room. Orkhan Efendi closed the door and pulled a heavy curtain over it, and only then struck a match and lighted the lamp.

"Os-gheldi," he said, saluting with his fingers to his lips and forehead.

Nikolas Paparighopoulos threw his black overcoat

on a chair, and appeared in evening clothes, as he had left the Newburys'.

"I am very glad to see you," the Turk continued, his long white fingers twining around those of his friend, in the characteristic, affectionate way of the Turks when they like any one.

Righo glanced down at his own fingers after they were freed, and noticed how the blood had been driven from them by the grip of the Turk.

"I always wonder afresh at the strength you have, for you don't show it," he rejoined, smiling. "I presume the Armenian you kicked off the pier is wondering, too."

"How did you know? — Oh, yes. You were at the Newburys' dinner, I suppose. But now to business."

"You have news?"

Orkhan pointed to a spot on the plan which he had been studying before the hoot of the owl had been heard.

"That, too, is ours already."

"'Already'! You are not of an impatient disposition, Orkhan. For a year and a half we have been working to gain this door — and you say 'already.'"

"It took ten years to gain the first one," the Turk replied.

"Because the first Young Turks did not believe in enlisting women in the work. We do, and where

we fail, they often succeed. I suppose Malkhatoun Hanoum gained us this last door, too."

Orkhan nodded.

"Ah! we men," the Greek apostrophized. "Because we have a little more strength in our arms we delegate woman to an inferior position, and deny her a share in the conduct of our affairs. But what we have torn from her by brute strength, she is winning back by her intelligence and her self-sacrificing love."

Orkhan was fingering his pencil impatiently, and the Greek stopped abruptly. He laughed, and put his arm affectionately around the Turk's shoulders.

"I know you don't agree with me, Orkhan, but you know I am right."

"You are right in this, that thanks to the women — and especially to Malkhatoun Hanoum — we have made faster progress of late. At the same time, my friend Rigbo, it is an ugly necessity which forces us to push women on to unholy ground. Women are meant to open the gates of Heaven to us, not to go forth and battle in Hell with us. However —"

With a gesture he dismissed this phase of the subject, and drawing his plan before him, continued: —

"This inner door of the imperial apartment on the right, is guarded by Halil Pasha and his men. He is one of us. This, from the outer apartment to Halil Pasha's, is in charge of Takshan Pasha. He is a friend, and will soon be an ally. And the entrance on



the same line, leading into the garden, is in the hands of Hourik Bey. He, too, is ours. We may say that the entire right side is won. With our last victory, we are sure of the three detachments on the left. On both sides the Padishah will find himself surrounded by our men in his own palace."

The listening Greek drank in the words of the Turk, with a gleam of ferocity shining in his eyes.

"The army every day is becoming more and more surely ours. Not a month passes but we make progress with the garrisons of the interior. It will not be long before we can strike, unless there is some unexpected counter-move on the part of the Sultan."

"It is that I am afraid of," Righo replied gloomily. "Twice we have been nearly ready, only to see our plans fall like a house of cards. If he will only delay a few months more, he will find the cruelty and death which he has so often meted out to others dogging his own footsteps."

"If he will only delay a few months," the Turk repeated, a strange exaltation in his manner, "there will be a revolution such as the world has never witnessed. We will show the Christian nations, which consider themselves alone civilized, how far the followers of the Prophet have surpassed them. There shall be no plunder, no rioting — if Allah permits, no bloodshed."

As if rebuked by the Turk, the Greek was silent for a minute. Then he said: —

“Orkhan, do you not think we ought to be doing something to be gaining ground in Europe? Shall we not need sympathizers there to help us when the time comes?”

The Turk laughed scornfully.

“No! as Bismarck said, Europe always accepts a *fait accompli*.”

“You are right, Orkhan.”

“Let the revolution once be made and she will applaud us, while in advance she would only hinder anything which might tend to make us the great nation we once were. When we shall force Abdul Hamid to give us a constitution; when through it we shall attain to freedom of opinion and of speech; when our natural resources may honestly be exploited, and the public revenues no longer are emptied into the private treasury of the Sultan: then Europe, whether she wishes it or not, will have to believe in us. Freedom and justice are all that are needed to make of us as powerful and great a nation as the young nation of North America.”

“Odd! I, too, had America in my mind,” Righo said. “There our movement should find more support than in Europe, because there is no possible rivalry between the two countries. Why not enlist the aid of some American women in our work? To-night I met one who seemed to me most fitted to assist us. She is beautiful as a lily, and men’s hearts would

melt before her, like snow in the sunshine. She is intelligent as a man, yet as tender and imaginative as a woman, and she has the American woman's self-reliance and lack of fear. The gold of her hair and the gold of her heart would form a capital from which we could draw deeply."

While the Greek was speaking, Orkhan Effendi had grown rigid with attention. His eyes were fixed on the plain but attractive face of Righo, as he described this latest proselyte he hoped to make. It was a large part of the Greek's work to obtain recruits. With his quick and accurate judgment of character, he seldom made a mistake.

"Though I only met her to-night," he went on, "I have seen her twice before, and hers is not a face one forgets. Her imagination is already at work. It will not be hard to win her to us."

With a manner which had in it something forced in its deliberation, Orkhan Effendi rolled himself a cigarette, the first he had smoked.

"What is her name, Paparighopoulos?"

"Miss Grey."

Picking up a blue pencil, the Turk carefully followed with it the outline of a wire clip which held some papers together. He did not speak until this was finished. Then, with the directness of his nation, in affairs of the emotions, he asked: —

"Righo, are you in love with her?"

“In love with her?” the Greek repeated. “I suppose so, in the way every man is with a beautiful woman. But all that I have had to give to a woman has already been given. Now there is silence, where once there was the music of life. It is only thanks to you, Orkhan, that I have found other interests to make life worth living.”

Moodily the Turk listened, and pondered the words of his friend.

The latter, with a brisker air, resumed: —

“Miss Grey, I think, has gifts of the highest order. I am sure she could be of use to us. If you were to see her a few times, you could gain her support. You are a man to make women as well as men believe and obey.”

Orkhan Effendi still did not reply. He rose and walked the length of the room several times. His friend almost forgot the matter they were discussing, as he followed the lithe figure of the Turk with his eyes. There shone in them a great love, such as is given to few men to inspire in their fellow creatures.

At length Orkhan stopped in front of the Greek.

“Righo, I wish this woman — this Miss Grey — to be kept out of our work. Already there are too many women.”

The Greek shrugged his shoulders.

“You are the leader, Orkhan. It is for you to choose your lieutenants. I only —”

From without came twice the hoot of an owl; and after an instant's pause, again twice.

"It is Tzavat," said Orkhan, "back from Salonica."

With the same precautions he had previously employed, the Turk went out on the terrace, while the Greek, pistol in hand, waited behind the curtains.

A man climbed over the balustrade, and then another, and another. Silently they all went into the room.

When the curtains were drawn, the relighted lamp revealed three men as different in type as they were in age.

Tzavat Bey was a handsome young Turk of the same general appearance as Orkhan, but one in whom the physical predominated over the spiritual.

The second, Halil Bey, a man nearing middle age, was a curious compound of the unscrupulous politician and the fanatic. His manner did not have the captivating quality of the two younger Turks, but if he could not win soldiers to a new cause, he knew admirably how to use them after they were won.

On noticing the presence of the Greek, an unpleasant expression, for the fraction of a second, shot from his eyes; but when he greeted Righo he was courtesy itself.

The third was a man of sixty, leonine in bearing, and with the fearless glance of an eagle. He stood

erect, young of heart and great of courage. When *he* noticed Righo, his face lighted with pleasure.

“Glad to see you here, Niko.”

“Thank you, Hakir Pasha,” said the Greek. “Anything serious?”

The old man nodded.

“I mean to understand our programme definitely before I become one of the orchestra.”

Halil Bey had lent a watchful ear to these words. Suavely he put in: —

“At the present hour patriots ought to work for the common good, not to discuss.”

The lionlike old man raised his head and gave Halil Bey a scornful glance from head to foot, and deliberately turned his back on him. At that moment the dissensions which were later to disrupt the Young Turks Party were born.

## CHAPTER V

### THE CLASH OF NATIONALITIES

THE five men took their seats around the table, and Tzavat made known to them the success of his mission.

“I went to all the garrisons to which I was sent, and the officers made it possible for me to speak with the soldiers. They are becoming ours — under one condition, of course, that the person of the Sultan shall be sacred. I explained our plans to them, and told them what the Constitution means —”

“That is what *I* should like to know,” broke in Hakir Pasha.

Orkhan and Tzavat turned to the old Albanian in surprise.

“You!” cried Orkhan, — “but you are the father of the Constitution.”

Hakir Pasha shook his head.

“No! I thought I understood it; but of late I have wondered whether we, the conquered races of Turkey, do not believe it to mean one thing, while you, the conquerors, know it to mean another.”

“Surely,” said Orkhan, “the Constitution of the conquerors and conquered is the same, since there is to be but one fatherland for all.”

Hakir Pasha rose and struck the table vehemently.

“We are here, five of the leaders of the movement. I wish to explain my position to-night—so that it cannot be misunderstood.”

Orkhan touched his fingers to his lips. “Bou-you-roum,” he said.

“I was one of the seven men who, during the reign of Sultan Aziz, dared pronounce the word ‘Constitution.’ Although it is known as Midah Pasha’s Constitution, seven of us drew it up after many deliberations. I saw it triumphant, for a short period, and then ignominiously killed—as well as the other six men who conceived it. I alone was saved because I took refuge among the Albanian Mountains, which are ever too high for Turkish tyranny to submerge.”

The ugly light which once before had come into Halil Bey’s eyes was there again—the ferocity of the barbarous Turk. He knew it, while he could not suppress it, and he kept his eye-lids half closed and his glance fixed on the table.

“Forty-five years ago, seven of us came together speaking of rejuvenation and constitution. We are here again with the same words in our mouths, and with more chance of success. But what do *you* mean by Constitution?”

He addressed himself directly to Orkhan.

“I mean,” answered the latter gently, “a govern-



ment which will have one aim: to ameliorate the condition of all Turkish subjects; to see that there shall be justice and progress, according to the standard of the world's present civilization."

"And this government will be composed of what men?" the old Albanian asked.

"It will be composed of Turkish subjects."

Hakir Pasha struck one palm against the other.

"And whom do you call Turkish subjects?" he demanded.

"All those who call Turkey their fatherland," replied Orkhan.

"Exactly," put in Halil Bey, "all those who call *Turkey* their fatherland."

"Now we have come to the point," exclaimed the Albanian. "'All those who call Turkey their fatherland,' — that is to say, the conquerors."

"But surely," protested Orkhan, "you call Turkey your fatherland."

"*My* fatherland is Albania. She has my first devotion, and for her sake I am joining in this work of rejuvenation. Let us understand one another. I and my Albanians will help to fight your battles because we want a better government for Albania; and what we understand by constitution is this: —

The old man looked at those around the table, but it was to Halil Bey directly that he spoke.

"When our party succeeds in overthrowing the

present tyrannical and corrupt government and in establishing the Constitution, there shall be freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, and, above all, as much freedom of growth for the alien races as for the Turks. We want a United States of Turkey. Each state to have its laws, its standing armies, and its racial customs — with one head, the Parliament of Turkey, composed of an equal number of representatives from each. It would naturally be to the advantage of the State of the Albanians, of the State of the Armenians, and of that of the Greeks to gather under the banner of Turkey the moment Turkey was threatened from outside. But in time of peace we want our own national life unhindered.”

He crossed his arms on his breast, and turned from one of the leaders to the other deliberately.

“Am I given such a promise?”

Halil Bey rose.

“Hakir Pasha,” he said, “you are known as a great man, but you ask what a smaller man might. What you ask would be right if each Albanian were as noble-minded a man as you are; if each Armenian were as brave and as loyal as you are; and if the integrity of every Greek equaled yours; but you forget that when we succeed, the work of reconstruction and reorganization will be even more difficult than the overthrow of the present tyranny. Europe will be glad to see us stand on our feet as a nation only because each great

power will be relieved of the fear that some other will absorb us. At the same time Europe will not be eager to see another Turkey arise with the strength it had in the fifteenth century. Europe will do much to hinder our progress beyond a certain point. What all patriots must do is not to ask for a guaranty for the preservation of their own racial customs and racial ideals, but to put aside the lesser for the greater good. For Turkey to be reconstructed there must be no Albanians, no Greeks, no Armenians, but only Ottomans, having but one fatherland — Turkey; recognizing but one banner — the Crescent.”

His words were the fair words of a patriot, but behind his now inscrutable countenance lay the designs of the fanatic Turk to brush out all races except his own, all religions other than that of Mahomet.

Hakir Pasha pushed his chair back from the table and stood in an attitude of defiance. He gave a short laugh — derogatory and menacing.

“Yes,” he cried, “that is what every Turk knows the Constitution to stand for. But we of the subject races understand it to mean free growth for us, as well as for you. It was I who started this movement, a few years after the death of the first Constitution. I worked hard for it. I traveled from mountain to mountain, from village to village, from town to town, gaining adherents, gathering strength for the cause. I pretended to be repentant, and let myself be bribed

by the Sultan, in order to come to Constantinople and work. *I* gained the Greeks; *I* gained the Armenians; *I* obtained the support, the money of both. And now when the one-man idea has become that of a thousand; now that the Turks have been taught by me to think, and to wish for a better government, those same Turks ask *me* to be a 'patriot' and to let my country be swallowed up by them. By the soul of the man who gave me life, you shall not have me and my Albanians under those conditions."

Halil Bey rose again, as the other sat down.

"Don't you see, Hakir Pasha, how dangerous it would be for Turkey to allow Albania to have an army of its own? Every time you fancy that we are not doing as you wish, you will be declaring war against us, and where will our country be?"

"We do not need a standing army to fight you every time you break faith with us," the old man replied coldly. "We have always fought you when we pleased; what we want an army for is that you should never dare to break faith with us. That's all."

Here Righo interposed.

"Hakir Pasha, you know that my respect for you is great, but are you not taking for granted that the new government, which will be composed of enlightened patriots, is going to be less generous and less magnanimous than all the governments which have preceded it? Surely we have been allowed to have our

national life since 1453, and why do you suppose that we shall now be deprived of that which has been ours for generations?"

"What guaranty have you, Niko, that those privileges will be respected by the new government?"

"The integrity of character of the men who compose the movement."

Again the derogatory laugh of Hakir Pasha rang through the room.

"My dear boy, you are young, and I am old. I have served the Turks in every capacity from that of a simple soldier to that of a grand vizier. And I know that a Turk will break his word politically where he would never think of it in private life. They call themselves a nation of lions; but they are lions who have been crossed with wolves."

Orkhan had turned very pale.

"Hakir Pasha, my friend, what can we gain by insults? I believe what you ask may be given to you."

Tzavat also nodded assent, but Hakir was not mollified.

"Those are words of the two of you whom I can believe; but what I want is that it shall be written and signed by all the leaders. Then I shall read it to the Albanians, and as soon as there shall be a constitution, we shall be proclaimed a state within a state: our taxes for ourselves — our government for ourselves. Do you hear me, Halil Bey? — Albania for the Al-

banians; but one of the many tributaries which shall add to the greatness of Turkey.”

Halil Bey did not answer. He could not trust his own voice.

Into the silence which ensued came the faint song of a boatman. All the men listened to it attentively. Gradually it approached, and the words became audible: —

“My breast suffers from a wound  
Which never can be healed.”

“It is my Ali,” said Hakim. “It is time for us to go. It will take you two weeks, Orkhan, to see the leaders and to bring me the document.”

As they were rising, Orkhan caught the eye of Halil Bey, and a misgiving seized him. Would it be possible to obtain the signatures to such a document?

The Albanian put his arm through that of the Greek.

“Let me give you a lift, too. Come and spend the night with me.”

When the others had gone, Orkhan did not reënter his room. Leaning against the balustrade of the stone balcony, he remained brooding curious thoughts amid the vagrant noises of the night. For although he was considered a pure-bred Turk, of the second branch of the imperial Ottoman family, he had worn concealed — ever since he was a lad of fifteen — a girdle, begun by one Albanian woman, and finished by another. And the story of that girdle shall now be told.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE PASHA OF ALBANIA DISCOVERS A BEAUTY

**I**T was a calm summer day, a good many years before Millicent Grey came to Turkey. The Albanian Mountains lay tranquil in the warm haze, their wild beauty disturbed by the sound of no bullets. The last insurrection had been put down. Omar Pasha had returned to Constantinople with his troops, and once more this turbulent principality of the Sultan was in enforced tranquillity.

So quiet indeed had Albania become that two years previously, when Russia was at war with Turkey, she had not even taken advantage of the occasion to revolt. It seemed as if her hatred for Turkey was asleep. One would not be so bold as to say it was extinct; for according to the Albanian saying, that could never happen, “so long as there existed one Albanian woman to give birth to a son.”

On this calm summer day a small cavalcade was riding through the mountains. The Pasha of Albania, with his retinue, was on a round of friendly visits, exchanging presents with the chiefs, as a mark of the friendship and good-will existing between Turkey and her troublesome subjects. He believed in making these friendly visits from time to time, in order to as-

certain with his own eyes that there were no signs of a new insurrection.

The riders held the reins of their mounts loosely, and the horses made their way up the steep hills with lowered heads and quick, deep breathing. They came to a little plateau, and drew rein to rest a minute. Of a sudden the silence was broken by a singing voice, young and melodious, fresh and exultant. It was like some magic added to the enchantment of the scenery.

When it came to the chorus, several other voices joined in; and the horses pricked forward their ears and quivered, as if they smelled blood.

“They recognize the song,” the Pasha said, smiling.

The men patted the necks of their mounts and spoke to them soothingly.

“Wait here,” continued the Pasha, “and I will find out who the singers are.”

Instantly several of his followers sprang from the saddles, and the quickest of them held the Pasha’s stirrup.

“I will go alone.”

Although fat, he moved without clumsiness, and advanced cautiously toward the singing voice. Presently he espied a group of Albanian girls seated on the banks of a stream, their bare feet in the water, their hands busy embroidering men’s clothing.

The Pasha recognized at a glance that they belonged to the aristocracy of the country, and judged



that they were working on warriors' garments; for he knew that according to Albanian traditions the women of the upper classes sew only on the garments of their relatives who carry arms.

As they sewed, the oldest of the group, a girl of about sixteen, was teaching the song to the others.

As the Pasha's glance rested on her he became rigid, enthralled, drinking in each detail of her appearance with the epicurean delight of a connoisseur of female beauty. For some minutes he could not take his eyes from the perfect face with the dark hair clustering about the brows in wavy masses, the eyebrows arched over unfathomable eyes of velvety brown. His glance flickered over the lips, the chin, the shell-like ears, the nape of the neck. He gloated over her as a miner might gloat, who, after years of search, has discovered endless gold. He followed the lines of the throat to the bust; and then took in the whole figure with ever-increasing satisfaction.

"What fortune! Oh! what fortune!" he murmured. "By the beard of the Prophet, never have I seen a head more nobly carried — nor a figure more worthy to bear such a head."

The girl was dressed in the rich Albanian costume, leaving her throat, sister to the lilies, bare, while the transparent white cambric of her waist accentuated the roundness and freshness of her young bosom. As she sang her martial song, her head moved to and fro,

as does the baton of a leader. When the chorus came, the other girls dropped their work on their lap, placed their hands on their hearts, and joined in with fervor.

After the song was at an end, the leader spoke: —

“Thus will Albanian heroes act again, some day — may Allah help them!”

Cautiously the listening man retraced his steps. Then noisily he came back. He saluted the young girls in military fashion.

“I am the Pasha of Albania,” he explained. “With my retinue I am on my way to Karadji Aga’s place. I fear me we have lost our way.”

“Karadji Aga is my father,” replied the eldest girl. “If you follow this stream upward, a half-hour’s ride will take you to his tents. Hospitality will there be offered to you.”

The Turk saluted and departed. He knew now what he had wished to learn.

When he had gone the girl spoke to her companions:

“Some day we shall be wives and mothers. Let us not forget to teach our sons that the Pasha of Albania must be an Albanian and not a Turk — and free and independent as the eagle of the skies.”

The other girls bent forward till their foreheads touched the earth.

“We shall not forget!” they cried. “But, Trajah, tell us more about Iskander Bey, and of his victories over the Turkish armies.”

While Trajah was thrilling her younger sisters and cousins with the glorious past of Albania, the Turk who was now governing her country rode on, lost in thought. For years he had wanted to send to the Palace a girl whose beauty and grace should charm and make grateful the monarch — and who might also kindly remember the man who had sent her there. He had spent enormous sums of money buying slaves; he had watched every newborn girl among his subjects, with ever-renewed hope that the paragon he desired might at last have come upon the earth. But so far he had not been able to send a gem sufficiently bright to attract the eye of young Sultan Medjid and make him desire to add her to the imperial diadem.

He had found her now in this proud young aristocrat. No shadow of doubt was in his mind that the Sultan could not see her without loving her. And to ensnare the young Albanian, singing her patriotic songs, and send her to the Palace, had also its humorous side. The old Turk smiled grimly. While his horse was carrying him steadily toward the great chief's dwelling, his fertile brain was scheming in what way it would be possible to abduct the daughter.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE CRAFT OF THE PASHA

**T**HE Pasha of Albania was seated on a brocade-covered divan, his legs skillfully crossed under him. His fat body was enveloped in a long, costly wrapper. By him was a low table, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, on which stood his narghile of cut-glass, mounted with amber. Although he held the *markoutzh* in his pudgy hands, he was not smoking. On his face was the look of a man who is anxious over the success of some project on which he has set great hopes. He leaned forward and pulled a velvet rope hanging at his elbow.

A manservant entered, threw himself on the floor, and in abject servility waited the orders of his master.

“When Mechmet Effendi comes, bring him in at once,” said the Pasha, not even deigning to glance at the groveling figure.

“He has just arrived, Pasha Effendi,” the slave replied meekly.

“Then, son of an unworthy mother, bring him in!”

The slave crawled out of the room, and a few minutes later the heavy silk portière of another door was raised by two slaves, and a young officer entered the room. He saluted his superior with a certain familiarity, and

the Pasha, as a mark of condescension, indicated to him to take his seat at the extreme end of the divan.

The Pasha put the amber mouthpiece of his narghile between his lips and smoked on in silence.

“You were due here last night,” he said finally.

“Your Excellency cannot expect punctuality where women are concerned. She gave me a great deal of trouble — more than I anticipated from such a slip of a girl.”

“When you know more about women, you will learn that, whether they be a slip of a girl or a giant of a woman, they will give trouble. They are meant for trouble. I have had some experience with them.”

The young officer, who knew that the older man's harem contained no less than a hundred women, of all ages and sizes, winked impudently, and the two men broke into laughter.

The Pasha drew from his pocket a string of amber beads that would have made any woman envious, and began to play with them.

“Tell me how you managed it,” he said.

“I studied her habits, your Excellency. She was the leader of a group of ten, who wandered about the mountains like wild goats. They not only sang, as you told me, but they carried daggers, and embroidered warriors' garments. *She* was making a belt.”

“I wish you could have taken her with that belt.”

“*I did*, your Excellency.”

Thereupon the Pasha laughed so immoderately that the younger man feared lest it would end in a fit of apoplexy.

“Go on! Go on!” the fat man gurgled, with a wave of his hand.

“At first I thought I should have made her love me. It would have made matters easy. But one might as well expect an Albanian would sell his rifle as for one of their women to love a Turk. So I had to turn to other means. She was training the other girls to be scouts. Some of the girls took the parts of Turks, and others were the Albanians who had to discover them. She sat on some high elevation and conducted the manœuvres. She would send the others to far distances, while she sat and embroidered her belt. I posted my men to interfere with the other girls, and I tackled her alone and privately, as you wished. She can’t weigh much over a hundred pounds, but, by the beard of my grandfather, your Excellency, she made herself as heavy as lead. I had to tie her hands and feet; then I threw her on my horse and galloped away. Before dawn this morning I brought her to Fatima’s.”

He omitted to say that the girl had fought him like a tigress, and that he had brutally struck her again and again before overpowering her, although he had taken great pains not to disfigure her face.

“You did not tie her hands and feet too tight, so as to leave a mark?” the Pasha inquired anxiously.

“They will pass in a day or two, your Excellency. I *had* to tie her.”

For the first time a pang of fear crossed the mind of the young man, at the thought of the marks on the girl's body, which might betray his battle with her.

“Don't see her for a day or two, your Excellency,” he urged. “Wait till she is calmer. Now the tears will be staining her beauty.”

The Pasha of Albania shot a keen glance at the young man.

“You do not know Albanian women. They cry — never! There is a story of a little girl who fell from her horse, struck her head on a rock, and became unconscious. When she came to herself the pain was so terrible that she cried. At sight of her tears rage seized her father, and he hanged her on the next tree. This is the first tale they tell to every Albanian girl. Albanian women don't cry, Mechmet Effendi.”

He waved his hand in dismissal. The officer rose.

“Come to-morrow for your reward.”

Alone, the Pasha pulled the velvet rope, and to his slave said: —

“I must see General Shelaledin at once.”

While waiting he smoked furiously.

On the entrance of the General he assumed an agitated air.

“Bad news!” he cried. “I have received intelligence this morning that the Albanians are making ready for an uprising. Be prepared to mobilize three battalions. The leaders are the Karadji brothers. The proofs are with me. They must be seized at once. Thus possibly we may head off this movement, and nip a dangerous revolt in the bud. But — they must not be taken openly, lest we apply the match to the mine. They must be tricked, or captured secretly.”

Shelaledin Bey saluted and withdrew.

The Pasha gazed upon his retreating back and chuckled noiselessly.

“They don’t cry, these Albanian women, but they love like faithful dogs. Once her father is in my power, she shall go to the Palace willingly.”

At nightfall, quietly and without an escort, the Pasha proceeded to Fatima’s. His dark deeds were done secretly, and the common people of Albania, although they hated him as a Turk, considered him a just governor.

He raised the knocker, and let it drop. The sound was different from the ordinary knock, and the door was shortly opened by the mistress of the house herself.

“Os-gheldi, your Excellency, os-gheldi. May Allah’s blessing be your life’s portion.”

The Pasha entered, and the door was closed behind him.



“How is she?” he asked.

“She has not eaten, your Excellency, but she has let us bathe her and attend to her bruises.”

At the word “bruises” an ugly look passed over the man’s face.

“Take me to her,” he ordered.

Fatima preceded him, carrying a small glass lamp, which shed an uncertain light on the narrow staircase. At the top they came to a large room. Its many windows were not barred, but they looked on a garden whose high walls bristled with broken glass. Here Trajah lay on a divan, clothed in a white cambric garment. In the dimly lit room there were several women and two eunuchs. Mechmet Effendi had been eloquent about the strength and determination of the girl.

The Pasha approached, and ordered Fatima to hold the light over Trajah.

“It is a faint light by which to behold so much beauty,” he said suavely. “Bring in candles — a hundred of them!” he cried in Oriental extravagance.

The soft light of many candles soon filled the room. The Pasha commanded the eunuchs to stand with their faces to the wall, then bade the women open the garment of the girl. A spasm passed over Trajah’s body; otherwise she lay apathetic, her eyes shut, her lips tightly closed. She knew she was powerless.

Oblivious of her beauty, the Pasha only looked for

marks of rough handling on her fair skin. His face grew black with passion at their number.

"Count the bruises," he roughly commanded one of the women.

"Upward of thirty, your Excellency," she reported.

"And this multiplied by ten, how much does it make?" he asked.

"Three hundred, Pasha Effendi."

He turned to Fatima.

"Bring your most precious cloak and put it on her. So long as she remains here, she is the mistress of this house."

When the girl was clothed in the sumptuous cloak, the Pasha bade all the others be gone. He paced the room for a while with knitted brows. Finally, he came and stood beside the girl, and knowing that the Karadji family traced its lineage far back to the time when Albania had princes and princesses of that name, he said: —

"Princess Trajah, the man who struck you will receive each stroke back ten times over, and to-morrow he shall be hanged on a tree which you can see from your window."

The girl opened her eyes.

"What will you do to the man who sent him to steal me from my people?" she asked steadily.

The shrewd old diplomat did not reply at once. As if moved by deep feeling, he averted his eyes.

“Before I have finished speaking with you, you may better understand the motives of the man who caused you to be stolen from your people. Princess Trajah,” he said slowly, “you are destined by Allah to save Albania.”

The girl raised herself up on her elbow and stared at him. Unwittingly he had fallen upon a belief in which Trajah had herself been raised. Before her birth her mother dreamed that Allah had placed on her lap a little girl. A wondrous dream it was, and rendered the more noteworthy by the fact that the child was born without causing her the slightest physical pain. In Albania such a dream could not be forgotten, as it might have been in other parts of the world; and as Trajah grew up, her unusual beauty and intelligence seemed to prove her destined for some great end.

With astonishment the Pasha noted the impression his words produced. Raising his hand impressively, he continued: —

“I am going to tell you what no one knows — except Allah, and my mother in her grave. I am of Albanian blood, even as you are.”

Doubting, the girl searched his countenance; but the Pasha of Albania could appear very earnest and benevolent when he so wished.

“Were it known that I was of Albanian blood, I should be looked upon with distrust by the Ottoman

authorities. My whole aim in life has been to help my country. I kept my secret, and here I am, the Governor of Albania."

He saw that Trajah began to believe him.

"I have learned through many years' striving how hopeless our task is, unless the Sultan of Turkey can love Albania as we do."

The Pasha's words were sinking deep into the heart of his hearer. Vehemently — passionately — he continued: —

"The only way for the Sultan of Turkey to care for Albania as we do is to give him our blood, — and that Allah meant *you* to do."

His earnest gaze held hers for a moment; then her eyes dropped.

"Were the Sultan of Turkey an old and decrepit man we might have hesitated to make him the father of *our* sultan; but the Padishah is a young and handsome man, with virtues of which any woman could be proud. Let me see," he mused. "He came to the throne in 1839, at the age of sixteen. It is now 1855, so he is —" He stopped to calculate.

"Thirty-two," said the girl quickly.

"Mashallah!" he cried. "You a mere woman and can count faster than a man! Mashallah! When my eyes first fell on you, I knew that you were the woman destined to save Albania. Then I learned that you were a promised wife, and that you loved your lover.





I SALUTE MY SULTANA

It seemed as if Allah were against our sacred country, until — as I remembered the look in your eyes — the hope arose in me that you might be a woman who would place Albania even above your lover. I could not come to you and your father openly; neither could I send you openly to the Palace. They do not trust us Albanians. So I had to resort to strategy — to abduct you — to bring you here where I could talk with you, hoping that you might understand —”

“I do understand,” said Trajah.

“And do you love Albania more than your liberty, more than your family, more than your lover? Are you ready to sacrifice yourself for your country?”

The girl clasped both her hands over her heart.

“I do love Albania — more than my liberty, more than my family, more than my lover! I love her next to Allah, and I am ready to live or to die for Albania.”

To hide his triumph, the Pasha fell on his knees, and, taking the girl's hand reverently, brought it to his lips.

“I salute my Sultana,” he murmured. “I salute the mother of Albania's savior.”

He rose.

“Now we must satisfy your father, without telling him the exact truth; for no one must know our secret.” The Pasha knew full well that Karadji Aga would see through his ruse. “Could you let him think that you

loved another man better, and that you had run away with him?"

"No," answered the girl. "I always stood for Albania to my younger sisters and cousins. I could not destroy their faith in me. It would hurt Albania. But I can let my father and mother know that I am called upon to fill the destiny for which Allah marked me. They will understand and trust me." And the girl told him of the belief concerning her which was in her family.

"Then beg them to lay their arms down, and to wait for your work," he urged.

"I will," said the girl. "But my father must not see my bruises."

"No," the Pasha fervently assented. "But will he take your word without seeing you?"

"He will," the girl said proudly. "I should like to have my nurse go with me, though."

"You shall have her. Only remember, no one in the Palace must guess who you are; and you must win the heart of our Padishah, and become his Sultana."

The girl knew the power she had over men. She nodded.



## CHAPTER VIII

### MECHMET'S REWARD

OUT in the street, alone, the Pasha of Albania looked up at the twinkling stars and laughed aloud. He murmured an Oriental proverb: “‘The clever bird is caught by the beak.’ Well, well, that was an inspiration. I shan’t have to torture her father.” This was no especial pleasure to him. He had rather made up his mind to the torture. As the ancient Romans did, he liked his banquet to end with blood.

In his own apartment he pulled the velvet rope, and to Ali threw this order: —

“Send five men to bring Mechmet here.”

An hour later Mechmet was brought into his presence. With a wave of his hand, he sent the escort out of the room.

The young man no longer wore the debonair and confident look of the morning. The five men sent to bring him to the Pasha at this late hour did not pre-sage good, and when the latter said, with a benevolent air, “I have seen the young lady, and I thought it a pity to wait till to-morrow to give you your reward,” Mechmet’s heart contracted. He had seen that playful mood before. He hastened to say: —

“I have just heard of a girl whose beauty is even greater than that of the one I brought you this morning.”

“What use are they to me if they are brought to my hand bruised like packed raisins? I have no taste for dried fruit.”

Mechmet opened his mouth to utter another falsehood.

The Pasha waved his pudgy hand for silence.

“Her bruises are upward of thirty. You shall receive them back with tenfold interest. No one shall say that the Pasha of Albania is not generous. I might have requited them a hundred fold, but I have promised that from her window she shall see you swing from the branch of a tree. There would not be much satisfaction in seeing the hanging of a corpse, would there?”

In the eyes of Mechmet a glitter of hatred could be seen. His fierce spirit had not been ignorant of the fate that might come to an accomplice of the Pasha's, and often he had told himself that if he were to die, he should not die alone. Of late he had forgotten his earlier forebodings. He had seemed so thoroughly in his master's confidence. Perhaps he had presumed a trifle on this. Yet even now he was prepared — only he was not prepared for the prescience of the Pasha.

The latter's right hand, which had been in his pocket, came forth, armed with an English revolver,

and, without taking his eyes from Mechmet, his left sought the velvet rope and pulled it twice. Instantly several velvet portières were lifted, and the room filled with attendants.

The Pasha slipped the revolver back into his pocket. With the forefinger of his right hand he pointed to the doomed Mechmet, and with the thumb of his left, downward. He had given that signal often enough for the men to know what it meant.

Mechmet's furious resistance was overpowered. His hands and feet were tied, and he was carried to the underground chamber. The Pasha followed at his leisure. It was a large room with brick walls, now lighted up by torches. There was little in it. A table stood in the middle, and upon it Mechmet was thrown.

On a high chair by the wall the Pasha took his seat, a smile of pleasant anticipation on his fat features.

"How many of you are here?" he asked.

"Twelve."

"He is to receive three hundred strokes. Appor-tion them between you. If any of you," he threw in genially, "is not feeling strong, his place can be taken by others."

The men laughed at the pleasantry of their master.

The Pasha drew his amber beads from his pocket, and played with them. His small green eyes were glistening with delight, such as is known only to the Asiatics when they assist at human torture. Thus

Ali Pasha of Yanina is known never to have laughed except when he was assisting at the refined torture he inflicted on the Greek chiefs who resisted him. History tells us that when after many years of guerilla warfare he managed to capture Katch Antoni, he sang a song as he had him impaled on a stake, although his victim was sick with smallpox, which alone had enabled him to effect his capture. In such enjoyment the Pasha of Albania sat on his high chair, and toyed with his beads, while Mechmet was beaten.

Before many men had relieved each other in the administering of the lash, the door of the chamber was opened, and his faithful orderly entered with a letter.

“It is important, Pasha Effendi, the woman says, and that you must receive it at once.”

The Pasha took the note and turned it over curiously, ordering operations to stop. He was not going to miss any of its delights. He broke the wax seal, and opened the letter. He gazed at it for some seconds, then asked: —

“Who can read?”

No one replied.

“Vermin!” he apostrophized them. To his orderly: “Go fetch Yusuf.”

Yusuf came.

“Read!” his master commanded.

The letter ran thus: —

---

I ask of you the favor not to hang the youth. I do not wish our mission to start with a death.

TRAJAH.

The Pasha snorted. "Oh, women!" and the tone in which he uttered the words expressed the scorn he felt for the sex. "At least she does not ask that he should not be flogged."

He tore the letter to bits.

"Go on, boys," he said.

## CHAPTER IX

### CAJOLING THE ALBANIAN CHIEFS

**S**HELALEDIN BEY had executed his mission with dispatch. He had arrested the unsuspecting chiefs in their beds. When he came to the Pasha to announce that his mission had been fulfilled, the latter scratched his chin in perplexity.

"Shelaledin Bey," he said gravely, "we have made a mistake. We have been misinformed. But I think I can explain the matter to the chiefs, and send them back contented to their mountains."

An angry wave of color spread over the face of Shelaledin Bey. He was a Turkish soldier and hated the Albanians. But he was loath to have arrested the chiefs for nothing.

The Pasha noticed the look. Benignly he went on:—

"You have executed your mission well, however, and to the faithful I always give a reward. Go to the next room and wait. A group of girls will be sent there. Choose the prettiest among them. She shall be yours."

Shelaledin Bey's face slightly relaxed. A gleam of pleasure came into his eyes. He saluted and turned to go.

The Pasha let him go as far as the door; then called him back.

“You may find two that take your fancy, and that it is hard to choose between them.” He smiled affably. “Well, you may have them both. And as no one knows better than I what cost women are — Wait!”

He rose, left the room, and came back with a green-and-yellow purse of knitted silk in his pudgy hand. He held it out to Shelaledin Bey.

“It will help to keep them.”

The purse was not large, but the General knew from the weight that it contained gold. His face entirely relaxed. After all, what a Turkish soldier loves best, next to exterminating the enemies of the Prophet, is a pretty woman and a full purse.

He smiled at his superior, and the latter rubbed his hands in satisfaction as his contented soldier left the room.

To the *kalfa* who came in answer to his summons he said: —

“Kalfa Hanoum, I have decided to make a present of two wives to Shelaledin Bey. Let him see ten girls to select from.”

“Of what age, your Excellency?” asked the accomplished woman who was the chief trainer of his slaves.

“Let them be of the batch that you bought five years ago. I want them to be well-mannered and gracious. Five years of your training must have done

that. I do not wish people to say that the women of my *kionak* are not proper ladies. What age will they be?"

"Fourteen and fifteen, your Excellency."

"Many good-looking ones among them?"

The *kalfa's* pride was piqued. She was also the Pasha's chief buyer.

"I paid thirty pounds a head, your Excellency," she answered with some asperity.

"Well, well, I did not mean what I said; but let me see them first."

In a few minutes the room was gay as a garden of flowers, so pretty were the girls, so brightly colored their costumes. They salaamed gracefully to the man who could dispose of them at will. They were bright-eyed and happy-looking, and their faces were lit with smiles.

He beamed upon them.

"My children," he said benevolently, "to two of you will fall a happy lot to-day. The brave soldier Shelaledin Bey will make you his wives. I have been a good father to you all."

"So you have, your Excellency," the girls answered in chorus.

"Now, go and face your kismet, little ones."

The girls salaamed, and with giggles trooped out of the room and into the next. After all, this was what they had been brought up to. They knew nothing



better. Each clung to her chum's arm, inwardly hoping that she herself would be the chosen one, and after her, her friend.

Shelaledin, after his choice had alighted on the prettiest of them, diplomatically indicated the two clinging figures.

“My home will be honored if you both come to dwell under its roof.”

From the rewarding of his general, the Pasha's attention was turned to the pacification of the enraged Albanian chieftains. A hard task, indeed; but the Pasha of Albania had so many to perform of that type that he was no novice.

With great ceremony he had the chiefs brought to him. When they reached the threshold of his room he rose to receive them. He saluted them as equals, and greeted them as friends. In his most affable manner he explained how certain false reports had led him to detain them. Now, he was convinced that his Imperial Master had no more faithful subjects than the brothers Karadji.

He was lying, his four hearers knew it, and he knew that they knew it; yet the Albanians salaamed and declared: —

“Indeed, we are the Padishah's most devoted subjects — as are all the Albanians.”

It was an even more stupendous lie than his, and

the Pasha could not let them outdo him without a struggle.

“Not only are the Albanians, as you say, the most devoted subjects of the Shadow of Allah on Earth, but I have myself heard the Lord of All True Believers say that he loved the Albanians above all his other subjects.”

Not one of the Karadji brothers spoke. They could not hope to cap this climax. They salaamed again, and the Pasha salaamed.

Then Trajah’s father asked: —

“What retribution is to be made to us for this arrest?”

The Pasha was prepared to be generous.

“The Karadji brothers shall be exempt from sheep toll this year.”

“Then there will be more sheep to eat down the grass,” observed the youngest brother.

The Pasha waved a lordly hand.

“Let this year be free also from the grass tax.”

The Karadji brothers salaamed, and the Pasha salaamed in his turn, and they united in declaring that there was but one God and Mahomet was his prophet.

After this utterance the Pasha pulled his velvet rope thrice, and to this signal five attendants responded, ceremoniously bringing pipes on brass trays. The *tchibouk-tchis*, or pipe-men, were the most showy servants of rich Turkish households. Their sole occu-

pation was the cleaning and polishing of pipes, and inventing ceremonious ways of presenting them to the master and his guests. The *tchibouk-tchis* of the Pasha of Albania had been chosen with great care for their appearance as well as for their dexterity. They made a startling picture as they slowly advanced in perfect step. Their trousers were a vivid green, their bright red jackets embroidered in silver. Their extended right hands supported the brass trays on which were the pipes; their left hands were kept behind their backs. All five came to a stop at the same instant before the respective guests. Their left hands simultaneously struck matches, and five flames were presented to the five smokers. Then, walking backward, always in step, they retreated to the wall, and waited to present the second pipe.

The Albanian chiefs and the Pasha smoked in silence. Each minute the latter expected Trajah's father to refer to his daughter's disappearance and to solicit his host's help in recovering her. The Pasha was rehearsing in his mind the expression of horror his face would assume, the words he would utter, and the furious way in which he would pull the velvet rope and summon his general. He had prepared the attitude in which he would order several battalions to search the mountains, and the voice in which he would offer a reward of a thousand pounds to the one who should bring tidings of the missing girl.

## CHAPTER X

### WHAT THE PASHA THOUGHT OF HIMSELF

**T**HE Pasha prided himself on knowing the Albanians, yet he overlooked the fact that the Karadjis under no circumstances brought their grievances to the authorities of a government they mistrusted and hugely despised. When a wrong was committed upon a Karadji, the men took to their arms, and went out to right it; and they did not return until this was accomplished, or until blood enough had been shed to cleanse the stain. Now, one pipe after another was finished, and the Pasha of Albania in vain waited for the Karadjis to refer to the girl's disappearance. He was baffled, and irritated that his preparations should be wasted.

At length the Karadjis intimated that, since they were in town, they would like — with the permission of the Pasha — to go and make some purchases. Meanwhile he could have the *cadi* draw up the papers which would free them from the sheep and grass toll for that year. The Pasha invited the chiefs to make use of his official carriages and to return to him for the midday meal. Although the Karadjis despised the authorities, they were not displeased to receive attentions which made it clear to the public that the

Governor of Albania was anxious to curry favor with them. It proved that he feared them. They accepted both his offers.

As soon as the chiefs departed, the Pasha sent for the *cadi*, and, to do him justice, did not draw up the papers so as to leave himself a loophole. However, he had the *cadi* calculate the amount he was losing, in order that he might extract it from some one else.

The worthy Pasha permitted himself a quiet half-hour of meditation and repose, when his affairs had progressed thus far. He felt that he had well earned it. Had any one ventured to tell him that he was a bad man, he would have been unmitigatedly surprised and — had he believed the accusation just — not a little disturbed. He lived in an age, and in a nation, where certain qualities led to preferment and power. Small wonder that he esteemed them highly, and considered himself a thoroughly worthy man — as men went. His dexterity of mind and invention, his agility in using his tongue to extricate himself from dangerous predicaments and to further his schemes, were to him the powers of an able man, and he rejoiced in the exercise of them as a wrestler rejoices in the exercise of his strength and skill. Had he, with a niggardly use of his abilities, told the stupid truth, he would have considered that he richly merited the failure which he should expect.

From his present enterprise he anticipated great

things. Little as he had seen of Trajah, and under circumstances not calculated to show the brighter, more winning side of her nature, he yet had no fear but that, if she went to the Palace of her own free will, she would attract and enthrall the Sultan. She had all the delicate beauty of a bluebell of her own mountains; and to it she united charm and mind without which mere beauty soon palls. If she looked upon him as the benefactor of her country, and if the Sultan came to hold him in high esteem for bringing him his favorite wife, to what heights might he not aspire?

The Pasha felt himself in the full bloom of his powers. It is true that his growing fat bothered him a little. There had been a time, before Fortune marked him as a favorite, when he had been strong and skillful in body as in mind. But though that time was past, he still felt his mental powers as strong and acute as ever, — and he had risen to the plane where mind alone counted. The strong bodies of others could always be hired.

One move still had to be made before, at the mid-day meal, he could give himself up to the enjoyment of his fiery Albanian guests. With the sigh of a fat man at the necessity of motion, he struggled to his feet, and waddled over for another interview with Trajah.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE BRIDE OF ALBANIA

WITH the papers of the *cadi* in their pockets, and comfortably replete with the food of their recent host, the Karadji brothers were riding toward their home that afternoon. In a mountain pass a messenger awaited them, and delivered a letter from Trajah to her father.

Like all Mahometans, Karadji Aga was superstitious, and believed in dreams and birth-signs. When he read that Trajah had been called by Allah to fulfill her destiny, — a destiny she must for the present keep a secret even from her father, — he accepted her word without question. Trajah asked that her nurse be sent to her with the bearer of her letter, and her father only regretted that she was not asking for more slaves and gold.

Trajah also wrote a letter, to be given to the man whose bride she was to have been that same year. It was a pathetic little note, written by a girl whose heart was breaking, but who had the courage to live for her country. She told him that she would always love him, but that Albania was demanding this sacrifice from her, and she was doing what she was sure he would have done, had he been asked to give her up

for his country. And she begged him to marry her younger sister, whose betrothed had been killed in an encounter with the Turks, and whose period of mourning would soon be over.

Then she wrote: —

“The girdle I was embroidering for you I shall take with me. If I fail in my mission, and if Albania needs your arms, wherever I am I shall finish it, and it will reach you, even if I have to bring it to you myself and if I have to walk the whole distance.”

Her hand trembled as she added what she felt he ought to know — something which had come to her own knowledge only a few days ago.

“Allah has willed that my sister should be pining for you. When this was first revealed to me, I thought Allah was cruel. Now I know that he meant me to leave you, and in his great benevolence he arranged that another woman should make a home for you, and rest your weary head on a breast throbbing with great love for you.”

Trajah's pen remained in the air while she wondered whether the first kiss he would give would be for her — or for his bride.

A pang shot through her at the thought that her sister would make him forget her; but deep in her heart Trajah was a mystic. She extended her slender arms, palms upward, toward Allah, praying that the man she loved, and the sister who loved him, might be



happy together. She had not read the tragic life of the Greek maiden Iphigenia, but she repeated similar words to hers: —

“For I am wedded to Albania!”

Trajah's bruises healed quickly. She was bathed in milk, and the salve of fresh cucumbers was applied to her. In a fortnight she was entirely well. There was not a flaw in the white alabaster of her skin, not a mark on the velvet of her flesh. Young and exquisite as a May morning rose, she was ready for the sacrifice. With her unfinished belt, her nurse, and a magnificent retinue provided by the Governor of Albania she left her country and went to the Palace of the Sultan.

## CHAPTER XII

### TRAJAH SULTANA

**T**HERE is nothing lovelier in the world than the month of June in Turkey. It is then that the sea and the earth and the sky bedeck themselves in their most radiant colors: then the blue is bluer, the green greener, and the yellow becomes gold. Myriads of fragrant roses blossom everywhere. Here they grow on single stems, there in clusters large as small trees, while again they clamber gracefully over trellises. Now they hold their heads proudly high; again they bend downward, as if to caress the mortals who pass by them. The delicate, bridal jasmine puts forth clouds of its starlike blossoms, and all the rest of the flower creation comes forth in unison, to offer its color and fragrance to this festival of the earth.

Birds of colors as brilliant as the flowers, of all sizes, and piping various tunes, flock from all points of the compass to participate in Nature's great symphony. And the zephyrs, hurrying from the Black Sea and the Marmora, from the Mediterranean and the Dardanelles, have but one trysting-place — the Golden Horn. Animated by the freshness and mischief of their youth, they rush about the city of seven hills, self-constituted buglers of the Goddess Demetra.

In the year 1861, the month of June seemed to be trying to excel all its predecessors in loveliness. Nature was doing her best for a country rapidly advancing toward civilization. Sultan Abdul Medjid had fulfilled the promise of his youth. So well had he carried on the reforms of Sultan Mahmoud that, after he had reigned fourteen years, Lord Palmerston declared in the House of Commons that Turkey had made more progress in the last twenty years than any other country.

Yet toward the end of this month an unaccountable sense of foreboding came over the people. They walked with muffled tread; they talked in whispers.

Then suddenly that which had been brooding over the city broke forth into an anguished cry. From one end of the Empire to the other the news traveled, as the lightning darts across the sky, then falls crashing.

Sultan Abdul Medjid was no more!

He was dead, and his people mourned him with extreme abandonment of grief. Did they intuitively feel that with him died the hope of Ottoman regeneration? Did they by miraculous prescience foresee the resumption of oppression and cruelty, and of their national decline?

In a magnificent apartment, furnished with all the sumptuousness of the East, the great Sultan was lying, sleeping his last sleep. A young woman kneeled

by his side, her hand still clasped in the cold hand of the dead. She was softly sobbing with that sorrow which contains more than the loss of a loved one, which contains the abandonment of great hopes.

That woman was the Albanian Trajah, now Trajah Sultana, the youngest and favorite wife of the dead monarch. Ever since her entrance into the Palace, six years ago, she had reigned supreme. She had come to the Ottoman capital holding in her heart the image of another man. Then, miracles of miracles, a year had not gone by when that image had become blurred and gradually the face of the Sultan took its place. Indeed, Trajah had come to love him with a love that is rarely given to despots. And now, while their love was still young and strong, her imperial husband, hardly thirty-eight years old, was lying dead.

During the six years of her wifehood — six years in which she had not only possessed the ardent love of her husband, but had shared his dreams and ambitions for the regeneration of his country — the untamed Albanian girl had learned that to be a good monarch, just and kind, was far more difficult than she had any conception of when she had schemed and plotted against the rule of that monarch in her wild mountains. They had talked together daily, planning for a juster government, not only for her Albania, but for every part of his dominion, unhappy under mismanagement.

Now he was lying dead, beyond the reach of earthly reforms and hopes. Death had come quickly, cruelly, and the woman remained kneeling, her hand growing cold and stiff in the warmthless hand of the man whose blood a few hours before had throbbed with love for her and for his people.

No one disturbed her. They would fain leave the dead monarch and his favorite wife alone together as long as might be. She remained thus for a long time. She lived over and over the six years of her wedded life. She saw the Sultan standing by her bed, when she gave him a son, a year after her marriage. He had loved this son better than any of his other sons. "We shall make a good ruler of him when his turn comes," he often said.

The thought of little Medjid lessened her sorrow. Yes, through him the father's work some day should be carried on; through him the father should live again. She did not think of the daughter recently born to her. A girl counts for so little in the East, even when she is an imperial princess. She loved her tenderly, but it was her son who was her treasure.<sup>1</sup>

As her mind dwelt on him, life became normal again. She rose to her feet. With some effort she disengaged her hand from that of her husband. Bending over him she spoke, as if he could hear her.

"Sultan Medjid, my lord and husband, I swear to thee that I shall bring thy son up to be worthy of

thee, and when his time comes to rule over his people, he shall do so as thou wouldst wish him to.”

She kissed the hand she had held in her own; then with head erect, and noble resolve in every movement, she left him, queen regent of his hopes.

From his apartment she passed into that of her son. Her work for the dead was done: her work for the living lay before her. On a bed, golden of frame, its coverlet of golden threads and embroidered with jewels, her son was lying — her son, who was to be a great Ottoman monarch, and good to Albania.

She approached carefully, not to disturb his sleep. With maternal pride, mingled with reverence for the future sultan, she raised her palms aloft and thanked Allah for this precious gift. Her face was transfigured by the divine love of motherhood. She laid her hand gently on the costly coverlets, which the child in its sleep seemed to have pulled up over its head. A smile of anticipated joy parted her lips as her hand touched him. In her mind's eye she already saw the disarranged, dark curls, the long black lashes, the mouth crimson and dewy as a morning rose, the cheeks white as a lily, yet tinted with pink. She would draw the coverlets, and he would awake — her young *aslan*. His face would break into smiles at sight of her; his childish arms would extend to her; he would draw her head to his breast, and he would keep it there, while his soft young body would nestle close to her. And

he would lisp fervent words of love, which the man first learns to whisper to his mother.

Her heart palpitating with love, she pulled the bed-clothes from the face of her son. But her hand remained, holding the golden coverlet. The divine light fled from her face. The smile died a horrible death on her drooping mouth. Her features changed, her eyes were those of one demented. She stared and stared at the motionless face of her son, which was never again to be lit by a smile for his mother. For little Medjid was dead — as many an Ottoman prince has died — by the death of the bowstring, because he who had just ascended the throne had found him superfluous.

When the comprehension of what had happened at last penetrated to her brain, Trajah, without a sound, fell to the floor, never to rise again until that day when she should come before her Maker, along with the great martyrs of the earth, bringing to him to judge her woman's heart, broken by the cruelest of sorrows.

## CHAPTER XIII

### ORKHAN'S MOTHER

**T**RAJAH'S nurse, as she had given her mistress a mother's love, now gave her a mother's grief. She longed for her old Albanian home; yet she stayed on in the Palace to serve the little orphan Princess Zarah. Among her dead mistress's belongings she found an unfinished belt, such as Albanian women of rank embroider for their warriors. When Princess Zarah was fourteen years old, and in appearance and in spirit resembled her mother, the faithful nurse, feeling her death approaching, confided to her the whole sad story of her mother, and gave into her keeping the unfinished Albanian belt.

In the depths of the imperial haremlik, Zarah obscurely grew into womanhood. With no one to love, her Albanian nature worshiped the memory of her mother, and with her, Albania. So forgotten was she by those in power that it seemed as if she were doomed to celibacy; for she had already become nineteen, and no one had taken the interest to arrange a marriage for her. Then one day her half-brother, Sultan Abdul Hamid, wished to bestow a mark of favor upon a rising young statesman. He inquired if there were not an imperial princess suitable in



age and attraction for marriage. It chanced that Zarah alone, at the instant, filled these requirements. From her seclusion and insignificance, Trajah's daughter was brought forth and bestowed upon a Turk already high in power and wealth.

It is not often that these imperial princesses are welcome brides; but Zarah's husband soon worshiped her, and the love which united them, and the pride they had in their little son, Orkhan, born to them a year after their marriage, became famous in the serai.

At that time Sultan Abdul Hamid was entering upon that disastrous period of his reign when he mistrusted all those around him. He heard of the love which united his young sister and her husband, and, suspicious of all, he feared even the love of husband and wife. One night he sent for his brother-in-law. What happened no one knows. Princess Zarah and his five-year-old son never saw him again.

It was then that Trajah's daughter sent for an Albanian teacher and learned the art of their embroidery. With her own flowerlike fingers she finished that warrior's belt which her mother had begun in the mountains of Albania. She girded it on her son when the lad was only thirteen, and made him take a vow to avenge his father and be good to Albania. As if she had only lived to transmit this heritage to her son, the Princess, a few months later, was laid to sleep by the side of her mother.

A cypress tree grows between the two graves, and the old gravekeeper tells to those who will listen to his tales that a pair of birds from the mountains of Albania come every spring to build their nest on that one tree, and to keep the sleeping company with their plaintive songs.

And now Orkhan, the son of Princess Zarah, stood, leaning over the balustrade of his balcony, lost in thought. More than an hour ago Hakir Pasha and Halil Bey, the Greek Righo and Tzavat Bey had left him, and during that long hour Orkhan, who wore an Albanian belt, and Orkhan the Turk had been in conflict.

The stars above twinkled brightly. They could have told a great deal to Orkhan, had they wished, but, like all those who dwell on the heights, they little concerned themselves in the troubles of those beneath them. And below him the patient sea flip-flapped against the walls of his house, while Orkhan remained a prey to his thoughts.

An undefinable sadness was over him, that sadness which is the heritage of those who belong to the East. His mind traveled from the present to the past, to the two Albanian women who were as brave as they were beautiful, but who were crushed because they were too little and their task too great. And to those women of the past came one of the present, neither

dark-haired nor brown-eyed, like the women of his family, nor did she speak to him of vows and revenge. Hers was a face crowned with golden hair, her eyes were made for laughter, for life, and for love.

Orkhan shook his head, frowning at this trend of his thoughts. What had that golden girl of the West to do with him, Orkhan of the Albanian belt, Orkhan the Young Turk? There was work to be done — work which he had vowed, and which he wished to perform. He forced his thoughts to come back to the present situation, to Hakir Pasha and the promise he had given him. What would the other leaders say to Hakir's demands? What really was in the minds and in the hearts of most of the leaders? He wondered if the unity of Turkey could be effected as Hakir wished, or if the diverse nationalities which composed Turkey would become a hindrance to her regeneration.

While his mind pondered on these different phases of the problem, his hand unconsciously rested on the Albanian belt which he always wore concealed beneath his clothes, more as a remembrance of his mother than as a pledge to Albania; for, although his mother had taught him to love Albania, Orkhan was an Ottoman, and believed in the supremacy of the Ottoman race. He held his head high because he was an Osmanli and because in his veins was the blood of Othman, whose descendants had once been as great rulers as any history could show.

Orkhan had thrown in his lot with the Young Turks, in the first place, animated by the spirit of revenge bequeathed him by his mother. Gradually, however, this had become a secondary consideration: the love of his country and the desire for its regeneration had grown to be the dominant motive. In overthrowing the tyrannical form of government, the difficulties of the present had, till now, been enough. On this night the demands of to-morrow were thrust before him. Orkhan was a dreamer and an idealist. He had believed that all those who were working in the cause of Young Turkey had, like him, one aim, the making of Turkey into a country just to all her subjects. The counter-currents had been forced upon his notice to-night by Hakir Pasha and Halil Bey. There were rancor and hatred in the tones of the one; there was fanatic passion in the tones of the other. He had never doubted till now that Turkey regenerated would mean Albania well governed, Armenians well treated, and Greeks sharing in the government; and all, because they would be contented, forgetting their diverse nationalities. He who had only looked on the purely ethical side of the situation, was now facing the side of the average man, of the factionist, the small-minded patriot.

“I shall see the leaders,” he murmured. “I shall find out what they think.”

He left the terrace and came back into his room.

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For a time he worked on over his maps and papers. When he put them away and went to bed, and just as sleep was coming to him, all his cares dropped from him. The great problems of his country retreated. Hakir and Halil vanished ; and Orkhan found himself by a garden full of flowers and the music of birds; and she who bade him enter was a girl with golden hair, and her eyes spoke of laughter, of life, and of love.

## CHAPTER XIV

### RIGHO'S SISTER

MILLICENT sat in the window of her room in her uncle's house, idly regarding the little waves of the Bosphorus ruffling along before a light northern breeze, as if they had not a second to spare on this lovely summer morning.

"They 're in a mighty hurry," she reflected. Then, after another long survey of them: "Well, they're the only things I've seen here that are."

Presently, though nothing in the scene would seem to warrant it, she frowned slightly and murmured: "Anyway, I think it was very rude of him."

Her thoughts had gone back to the hero of her adventure of a few days before. She had written him a pretty note of thanks, and her uncle had supplemented thanks with an invitation to luncheon. In faultless English, Orkhan Effendi had replied to the uncle, regretting that he was very busy and would be unable to avail himself of the invitation. To her own note he had made no reply.

Her frown changed to a whimsical smile.

"He might at least have embraced the opportunity to enter the bosom of a refined Christian family, even if he did n't care to see *me*."

The hot weather and the conditions of the country had forced Millicent into a sort of apathetic laziness. To-day was cooler, and her nature revolted at this idleness so foreign to her. She wished, like the waves, to be doing something; like them to be hurrying toward some goal. Yet the hard part was where to begin, in this land of latticed windows, closed doors, and high-walled gardens. If Orkhan Effendi had only come to see her, he might have helped her.

Again she frowned at the thought of him. She was surprised and in a measure displeased by the constant reverting of her thoughts to him. It was true that he was a remarkable man; but that was no reason why she should sit for hours thinking about him and his affairs. She excused herself by saying that his aims were similar to hers. From him she might obtain a truer insight into the conditions here than she could from an outsider, like her uncle, or even from a man like Sir Mohr MacGreggor, with his cynical outlook on life. But what was the use of thinking about Orkhan Effendi, if he would not come near her?

"Well, I had better write some letters," she said at length with a sigh. "They're piling up."

She walked over to her desk, which was by another window, looking out on the driveway. Her attention was arrested by a high cart, between whose shafts pranced a nervous Arabian horse, perfectly managed

by a young girl. Millicent recognized in the man beside the fair whip the Greek, Mr. Righo.

A few minutes later the maid brought her their cards: *M. Nikolas Paparighopoulos*, *Mlle. Elpis Paparighopoulos*.

“‘Elpis’ — rather a pretty name!” thought Millicent. “I hope she’s as nice as her brother.”

As she went into the darkened drawing-room, a girl all in white rose quickly and came toward her. Although so slender as almost to be boyish in figure and unusually tall, Elpis yet startled the eye with her beauty of form. She produced an impression of intense living. She seemed a flame, burning in pure oxygen, imprisoned in a woman’s form.

All this Millicent did not perceive at once. At first, she was chiefly conscious of Elpis’s luminous brown eyes, shining in the semi-obscurity.

“Miss Grey,” she exclaimed, “I just made my brother bring me over this morning, because I became tired of waiting for him to find time in the afternoon.”

“I’m so glad you did. I was wondering when he would keep his promise of letting me know you.”

“I have already seen you,” Elpis went on, “that time you sprang upon the boat after it was going.”

“I don’t believe Elpis will ever quite forgive you for that,” Righo put in, as he was shaking hands with Millicent. “She never did that herself, and is wildly



jealous. She has lain awake at night ever since, trying to think of some more daring method of boarding a steamer. I fancy she will try to make Cæsarino take the leap while she is on his back, — and the worst of it is he will do it.”

“Nonsense, Niko,” Elpis protested. “But I will confess that I fell in love with you on the spot. And when I heard that this lucky brother of mine had met you — well, I have given him no peace till he brought me over to see you.”

While Elpis was speaking, Millicent was taking note of her guest. She had already seen several Greek women, renowned as beauties of this capital, but none of them possessed the undefinable gift of charm in any such degree as did Elpis. Her waving hair she wore loose and low on the neck, held by a gold clasp. Her features were exquisite, as if cut by a master hand; yet one hardly noticed them, so mobile were they, so constantly lighted by the feeling within.

The hour she spent with her new Greek friends was to Millicent the best she had yet had in Turkey. There was a tomboyishness about Elpis which was delightful, lacking as it did any trace of the vulgarity which frequently goes with it.

They touched on nothing except the most casual topics, yet Millicent knew that she liked the sister quite as well as she had liked the brother. When they rose to go Elpis said: —

"We live on the Asiatic side of the river." Without any apparent sequence of thought she added: "You are as nice as you are pretty, and as interesting as you are daring. Will you be friends with me?"

"I should love to," Millicent cried.

Elpis kissed her on both cheeks, and shaking her hand vigorously said: —

"Then it is a pact! And now, when are you coming to stay several days with me?"

Millicent showed her surprise at this rapid progression of affairs.

Rigbo laughed.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "It is quite unconventional, I know; but we are respectable, though Elpis does a lot of things that scandalize our people. She is a sort of *persona grata*."

"I am very rich, you know," Elpis explained simply, "so they overlook my " — she laughed — "my Americanisms, they call them. The mothers and sisters of marriageable young men are very kind to me, and," with a sigh, "there are so many marriageable young men."

Her humorous appreciation of herself as a matrimonial catch was irresistible, and Millicent laughed till the tears came into her eyes.

"I suppose you will have to ask permission of your aunt — so I'll give you three days," Elpis went on. "Then I will come over and fetch you in my boat."

"You can see, Miss Grey, that I have not succeeded in bringing up my sister conventionally," Righo said.

Elpis gave a quick boyish laugh.

"You poor bear of a brother! Do you really take the responsibility of my character on your shoulders, simply because you are my legal guardian?"

Then her manner changed. Going swiftly to her brother she put her hand on his breast, and said in caressing tones that were a revelation of another side of her nature: "You dear Niko!"

When the Greeks had gone, Millicent sank into a comfortable chair, and there her aunt found her.

"I hear you have had visitors," the elder lady said with interest.

"Yes, Mr. Paparighopoulos and his sister were here."

"How sorry I am to have missed them. I have never met her. They call her — dear me, what is it? Oh, yes — '*polyphernos nymphe*' — 'the much-bringing bride.' They are *very* rich, and belong to one of the old Phanariot families. The Phanariots seldom call on any foreigners — you must have made a tremendous impression on Mr. Righo. She's very eccentric and athletic, is n't she?"

"I thought her quite the most charming person I have met in years," Millicent answered. "And she did n't do any athletic stunts for me."

"I hope she will come again. I should love to meet

her. One hears such extraordinary tales about her. She keeps a stable on this side of the Bosphorus, as well as on the other, so that she can always drive her own horses. That's why they call her masculine, I suppose."

"One stable being feminine — and two masculine," Millicent laughed. "She has asked me to make her a visit, if you will graciously permit, and has given me three days to reply to her — her ultimatum."

"Really! Is that what she called it? Of course you may go. It is so difficult to get into the houses of those old Phanariots. They must be ridiculously behind the times, but very interesting, all the same."

Three days later, Elpis, unchaperoned, and dressed in a simple linen suit, came for Millicent.

"May I keep her for a week?" she asked of Mrs. Appleby, with charming deference.

"Indeed you may," the latter replied cordially.

Elpis had driven up with the same nervous Arabian.

"This is Altheon," she said, before getting into the trap, in the manner of performing an introduction.

The horse pawed the ground and thrust forward his nose for a pat from his mistress.

"You will meet Cæsarino on the other side," Elpis continued as they were driving off. "Poor Altheon, he gets so restless and lonely on this side, without seeing me every day. Sometimes for a week he only has Ertogrul to talk to. I believe I will petition the Sultan

to let me put in one of your wonderful American telephones, so that I can talk to him every day in his stall. Don't you think that would make him more contented?"

She spoke with absolute seriousness, and Millicent in the same tone replied: —

"In case the Sultan does not consent to a telephone, you might keep a phonograph in the stall. You could talk long talks into it, and have your groom grind them off to Altheon. He could also soothe him with records of the opera. Is Altheon fond of the opera?"

Elpis burst out laughing.

"Ah! you are making fun of me. I don't believe you consider a horse a human being."

At one of the landings on the Bosphorus, a slim caïque, red-awned, and manned by three rowers in white pembezar and red silk sashes, was awaiting them.

"I thought you would rather go this way than by steamer," Elpis said. "It is only about an hour's row."

A *caïktshi* sprang out and helped Millicent into the boat.

Elpis turned to take leave of her horse.

"Good-bye, Altheon dear." She put her cheek next to the horse's. "I shall see you soon again."

The caïque leaped forth upon the little waves of the Bosphorus, and swiftly drew near the other shore. It seemed to the American girl nearer a half than a

full hour before they came to the Paparighopoulos landing.

With a lively sense of curiosity she stepped from the boat, and walked with her hostess up the wooded path to the house. Her vague ideas of Oriental luxury were disappointed when the villa itself came into view.

It was a spacious but simple wooden structure, painted white, with red awnings at the windows. There were several porches, covered and uncovered, and, although the house suggested comfort, it certainly lacked splendor.

As they reached the steps, Elpis held out her hand to Millicent.

"Welcome!" she said. "May your stay here bring you happiness."

At that instant a black cloud passed over the sun.

"Wait! Don't move a step!" Elpis cried.

Taken aback, Millicent stopped abruptly.

The Greek girl laughed. "It's nothing, only I did not want you to touch the house while it was under a cloud. Now it has gone. May it take all bad fortune with it!" She extended her hand to Millicent again. "Come, and welcome!"

Hand in hand they mounted the steps, and passed through a large hall up the stairs to the second floor. Elpis conducted her guest to the rooms assigned her.

"Here is your domain, my American friend. Here you command, and you are obeyed. Au revoir, now."

The rooms were furnished in a way that seemed bare to Millicent. There was nothing more than one might find in an American household of moderate means, where the mistress was an uncommonly good housekeeper. The rugs alone came up to her expectations. They were Persian, old and rich.

A few minutes after her arrival, a maid entered with a tray on which were a jar of preserves, teaspoons, and a glass of water.

Millicent hesitated, not knowing exactly what she was expected to do.

"Will mademoiselle not taste?" the maid asked in French.

Millicent took a spoonful of the preserves, and a delicious aroma like attar of roses pervaded her whole being.

"I forgot to warn you," said Elpis, entering the room, "of our custom of greeting a guest with sweetmeats. Only a few of the old-fashioned families, like ourselves, keep it up now — though they still do it in the middle classes."

"Do tell me where you get those candied rose-leaves," Millicent asked. "I never tasted anything quite so delicious."

"Come out into the gardens and I will show you."

Elpis linked her arm in Millicent's, and took her out behind the house. Again the American was surprised; for if the house was marked by plainness, the

gardens had all the luxuriousness that any imagination could picture. One of them was entirely given over to roses, planted as methodically in rows as an orchard.

“We call these the roses-of-sweets, and they are raised solely for making that confection,” Elpis said.

Here the scent of the roses was overpowering, and always afterwards the heavy scent of roses recalled to Millicent this Greek household and the events which followed on her visit to it.



## CHAPTER XV

### THE STEPSONS OF TURKEY

WHEN Millicent came down for luncheon her host was in the hall, and with him three young Greeks. Righo greeted her by touching her hand with his lips, and then presented his friends, M. Aravantinos, M. Spatharis, and M. Negrepontis.

Elpis's white-clad figure appeared in the doorway of the dining-room.

"To luncheon, children!" she called.

It was a simple meal, simply served. Evidently these men came together not to eat rich food, but to talk with each other while they were eating. Their conversation was of politics — politics of the world at large, but chiefly as they affected Greece and Turkey.

It became evident to the American girl, as she listened to their talk, that these Greeks, born and brought up in Turkey, whose fathers and forefathers had been Turkish subjects, and who had made their fortunes in the land now belonging to the Turks, were living with their faces turned toward the Acropolis. They were disloyal to the banner under which they were born, but loyal to death to that other one which represented the fatherland to them.

What surprised Millicent above all was the freedom with which they spoke of their hopes.

"Are you not afraid," she asked, laughing, "that I may be a spy?"

Her host echoed her laugh, but his was fraught with that pathos which is the attribute of the thinking Greeks who are still subject to Turkey.

"Miss Grey," he protested, "suffering teaches men, as well as animals, to recognize their friends and their enemies, at once. You could not be an enemy: you come directly from Heaven, to remind us, perhaps, that all our differences are earthly, and that in the world to come we shall all be brothers, with only one flag to love."

"And that flag will be blue, with a white cross on it," cried Negrepontis, caressing his silky beard.

"What is the matter with some red stripes and a few stars?" Millicent asked teasingly.

"That makes a beautiful flag, I grant," admitted the Greek; "but it is the flag of a daughter. The mother must have precedence."

"And the crimson flag with the white crescent — what will you do with it?" Elpis inquired.

"It is not crimson," Aravantinos replied. "It is blood red. If Hell needs a flag, let it have it."

Millicent shuddered at the ferocity in his voice, and the face of Orkhan, the Young Turk, came clearly before her. Could he bring about the regeneration of

his country, when those who ought to be his brothers spoke like this?

“Turkey is your country — your mother, in a way, is she not?” she asked.

“Our mother —” Aravantinos gave the suggestion consideration. “No, Miss Grey, Turkey is not our mother, not our country. It might have been so; and we might in time have learned to look upon Turkey as our fatherland, if this had been permitted us by the conqueror.”

“But surely the Turks wish you to love Turkey, and to look upon it as your country?”

Aravantinos shook his head, his eyes sparkling with resentment.

“No! The Turks have never permitted us to look upon the land, which for hundreds of years belonged to us, in any other light except as *their* country. They forbid us the privilege of defending her as soldiers, and they refuse us the right of equal citizenship. We are here solely on sufferance.”

“Don’t you know, Miss Grey,” Righo went on, “that it is essential for a people to have a national ideal. The Turks have denied us the right to love Turkey — so we love Greece.”

Spatharis explained the situation a little further.

“When the Turkish armies returned victorious from war, the Greeks were not allowed to participate in the national rejoicings; and when the armies returned

in defeat, if the Greeks dared to show any sympathy, it was bitterly resented. You do not believe that for five hundred years we should have kept our hatred for the Turks so vivid, if they did nothing to keep it alive?"

"You have, then, no affection for them at all?" Millicent asked, remembering what Righo had told her about Orkhan.

"Oh yes, we love individuals among them," replied her host, "and we recognize the many superb qualities of the race; but we have suffered too much at their hands to love them as a whole."

"Still you work with them for the regeneration of Turkey?"

"We do so," said Aravantinos in his vehement way, "because we trust that when a constitution shall be granted to the country, Turkey will belong as much to the Greeks as it does to the Turks."

A peal of laughter from Elpis made them all turn their eyes on her.

"My poor misguided Greeks! When are you going to learn not to trust the Turks. Do you really believe that if ever there is a constitution the Young Turks will present you Turkey on a platter? If you were far-seeing, you would work for Turkey's complete demoralization, rather than for its regeneration. The Turks may have admirable qualities, but they keep them for their homes and their guests — they

never bring them into their national life. As a race they belong to Asia: they have no business in Europe.”

She pushed back her chair and rose to her feet.

“Let’s have coffee on the terrace; and don’t talk any more politics. I don’t wish you to tire my friend.”

## CHAPTER XVI

### SMOKING LAMPS

**A**FTER the men had gone away, Elpis linked her arm in that of Millicent, saying, "Come! Let us go up to the eastern porch, where it is coolest at this time of day."

There were long chairs for reclining, and when the two were comfortably seated, the Greek girl asked abruptly: —

"How did you like our guests?"

"I thought them charming."

Elpis made a face. "When I ask you a question, please don't put me off with the conventionally proper reply."

"But don't you think they are, Elpis?"

"If you mean that they have good manners, and wear their clothes well, yes, I agree with you. But what do you think of them as human beings? They are my suitors, you know."

"How can I tell? I have only seen them to-day."

"You must learn to judge quickly. Life is too short."

"Can you judge a person the first time you see him?"

"Yes. We Greeks generally do."

“And you are never mistaken?”

“Sometimes. But what does it matter, if oftener we are not? Now I made up my mind about you that day on the boat.”

“Just from an athletic stunt?”

“Not at all. Athletic stunts are something of a national vice with you Americans. While you were absorbed in the landscape, I studied you. And I found out a great deal about you — some things, perhaps, which even you yourself don’t know.”

The American girl laughed. “Really! What are they?”

“I watched some one else, too: Orkhan Effendi. He was watching you.”

At the unexpected mention of this name, Millicent, to her annoyance, felt her cheeks reddening.

“He was very good to me that day,” she remarked.

“Yes, I know. My brother told me. Have you seen him since?”

“No. My uncle wrote and asked him to luncheon, but he declined the invitation.”

“That was very decent of him.”

Millicent turned, surprised, to her hostess.

“Decent! Why?”

“Because of all the unhappy things one sees in this country, a love-affair between you two would be the saddest.”

“How very Oriental you are, Elpis! Cannot two people see each other without falling in love? I have as many men friends in America as I have girls.”

“Yes — in America. American men are wonderful — they are unique. If Orkhan came to see you, it would not be for friendship.”

“And why do you take it for granted that if he made love to me, I —”

Elpis did not reply to the unfinished question.

“You made more than a little impression on Orkhan Effendi, that day, and he knew that it was wiser to stay away. Not many men would have had the decency to do so, whether it were wiser or not.”

Millicent would not be put off. Working herself into a bit of temper, she persisted: —

“You have n’t told me yet why you look on me as a little woolly lamb, ready to love any one who gives me a pat.”

“I said before that there were many things about you which you yourself did n’t know. One of them is that the primitive woman in you — if she ever rules — will give you trouble. Orkhan Effendi is just the man to awake that primitive woman, — and who would defend you against her?”

“You forget that I am an American girl, and that we are capable of taking care of ourselves. I think



we are more intellectual and less physical than other women."

For a while Elpis seemed absorbed in placing the finger-tips of one hand with precision against the finger-tips of the other.

Millicent watched her with some irritation.

"I don't think you believe me."

Elpis laughed.

"You are already influenced by the Greek atmosphere. You begin to judge quickly. No, I do not believe you. In every one of us, whether we be Eastern or Western, there is a primitive creature, ready to answer the call of Nature. If you American women do not answer to this call, it is because your men do not make it. They appeal to something higher in you, and so the primitive woman becomes subservient. But I have seen American women here, and when they heard the call, how quickly they answered to it. One, as nice as you, from the very best of your stock, — oh! it was pitiful! And the Turk in her case was as inferior to Orkhan Effendi as a cart-horse is to a thoroughbred. Ah! my dear Millicent, when the storm rages, it is almost divine in its atrocity. If the primitive woman ever wakes in you, come to me, for you will need mothering."

In the dark eyes of the Greek girl burned a light, which seemed only to reveal unfathomable depths. But Millicent had become quite composed. The dis-

cussion had done her good: it had convinced her of her own strength.

In an instant<sup>1</sup> Elpis's mood changed. She became again the laughing, slightly cynical girl that the world knew.

"You know, my dear, if my brother were good enough for you, I should do my best to make you my sister. But he is a burned-out lamp."

"Why do you call him that?"

"Because he is. All those who were here to-day are — most of the Greeks of their class are, and those who are not burned-out are smoking. They start burning their oil foolishly from the time they are very young. In a few years it is all gone. Every beautiful emotion which God has given them to cultivate through life, is forced and wasted in ten years. Then they settle down and marry — and make excellent husbands, as excellence is considered in this part of the world. But the girls who marry them are young, with all life's gifts ready to blossom. They bring to their husbands the treasures of their hearts — only to discover that the men have no longer any use for them. That is why we are the race we are to-day. We inherit the Hellenic dreams which have kept our race alive for so many centuries, in spite of conquests; but we do not receive from our fathers strength to turn dreams into action. I shall never marry."

"But there are other men —"

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“I do not believe in marrying out of my class, as I do not believe in marrying out of my religion. Neither matters — but both matter a great deal. It is the way a man worships his God and puts on his gloves that makes him congenial or not to you.”

## CHAPTER XVII

### A MODERN NAUSIKAA

THE perfume of flowers floated up on the light morning breeze, in through the window of Millicent's room, and caressed her in her sleep. The singing of birds fell upon her unhearing ears, and slowly, very slowly, made their way through sleep-bound senses to her consciousness. She half awoke, and in luxurious enjoyment kept herself from waking further to a world which could not be so delicious as this scented and musical borderland.

But this state of languorous contentment could not last long in its perfect semi-consciousness, and with a sigh of regret, she woke up fully to the sun-bathed morning, and pulled the bell-rope at the head of her bed.

The French maid appeared with magical promptness, and presented her tray of sweets and fresh water.

"I should like a bath," said Millicent.

"Mademoiselle Elpis is waiting for you."

And even as she was speaking, the Greek girl came into the room.

"And how have we slept?" she inquired.

"Beautifully! I should like to sleep it all over again."

“And what bathing do you prefer — salt. or fresh? The Bosphorus is waiting, and fresh water is in the house.”

“I would rather have a fresh bath,” Millicent answered, wondering a little how the bath would be arranged. She had not seen a bathroom in the house.

“So would I, in the morning. In the afternoon we can have sea-bathing. Now, come! I have been waiting so that we might bathe together on this first morning of yours in our house.”

Millicent threw on a light wrapper and followed Elpis. At the end of the hall the latter pushed open a door, and motioned to Millicent to enter.

It was a small marble corridor, where the temperature was certainly a hundred. From this they entered a room in which the heat was still more intense. Its walls were of unbroken marble, the light coming through the ceiling of iridescent glass. A low marble platform ran around three sides of the room, and there were faucets over marble basins at intervals. From the ceiling hung three silver candelabra, decorated with branches of laurel.

“What a lovely bathroom!” Millicent cried. Then a misgiving seized her.

But of this the other girl was unaware. She stepped out into the corridor, divested herself of her wraps, and taking out her golden comb, let her dark hair fall about her shoulders. Like a nymph from the forests

of Olympus, she returned to the bathing-room. She went from basin to basin, turning on the hot water. Then taking a silver bowl she dipped up the water and threw it on the marble floor, which slanted imperceptibly. The water splashed and sang, and ran off the platform in rivulets. From a pile of Greek laurel in one corner of the room, Elpis chose a large branch. She broke it into small pieces, and dipped these in the hot water, and the aroma of laurel filled the room.

Fascinated, Millicent watched her. She was transported back thousands of years to the time when Greece led the world, and when her maidens, surrounded by their attendants, bathed in the Attic streams. Every motion of the Greek girl was grace itself, and her absolute disregard for clothing seemed to the American the most exquisite thing she had ever seen. For the first time in her life she realized that there might be more innocence in nakedness than in clothes. Elpis had not been taught to be ashamed of her beautiful body, as Millicent had not been taught to be ashamed of her face. And Millicent, who had at first clung to her garments with prudish modesty, now, as simply as Elpis, divested herself of them, and entered the room.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### ELPIS ASKS FOR A SIGN

**T**HEIR bath over, the two girls breakfasted. Millicent went out on the porch, and Elpis to her duties. Rich as she was, she had no housekeeper. She saw to everything herself, from the cook to the gardeners, and to the work of the most insignificant servant in the house.

Her tasks accomplished, she came to the porch, where Millicent sat reading. She threw herself on a comfortable chair and asked: —

“What is there in Turkey that you wish most to see?”

“A harem.”

“I *did* expect more originality of you. Every ‘tripper’ who spends three days in Constantinople wants to see a harem. Fortunately there are a few whose occupants are as anxious to be seen as foreigners are to see them. I will take you to one; but I confess again, I am disappointed in you.”

“Your Greek intuition plays you false this time. I do not care to see a modernized harem. I wish to know the real Turkish woman, and to understand her psychology and her needs.”

Elpis’s big brown eyes studied Millicent.

“You are my guest, and I should love to give you pleasure; but the real Turkish women shrink from being viewed, and dislike the idea of infidels crossing their thresholds. I do not think mere curiosity excuse to take you to such a harem.”

“My object is not mere curiosity.”

“If you wish to write about them, that is one reason the more why I should not take you. You will misunderstand and misrepresent them.”

“Elpis, I did not come to Constantinople just for amusement,” Millicent said earnestly. “I —” she hesitated.

Elpis curled herself up more comfortably in her chair, and prepared to listen.

Millicent gave an embarrassed laugh.

“I don’t know just how to say it so that it will not sound stupid and pretentious; but I do not wish to live just for the pleasure I can get out of life. I have no father or mother, no brothers or sisters — no obligations whatever, and like you I am rich. There is no one around me who needs my help, and there is a craving in me to do something for the world.”

“Americans are very altruistic, are they not?” Elpis observed in a ruminating voice. “They want to get out and uplift the whole world. Is it because you have so much yourselves — or because you are bored?”

Millicent frowned. She was not used to such blunt



questions. They did not seem to her quite ladylike; but Elpis being a lady could often dispense with being ladylike.

"Suppose, now that you have told me a little," the Greek girl continued, "you tell me more."

"It is like this," Millicent said vehemently. "I feel that we in America have so much light, so much freedom, that I should like to bring a little of it to those who have none."

Elpis again surveyed her friend with a tender and whimsical smile.

"You wish, then, to help the Turkish women?"

"I do."

"Why?"

"Because they need it."

"They have n't asked for it, have they?" Elpis suggested mildly.

"How can they ask for what they do not know even exists?"

"And you wish to see a typical Turkish household in order to learn how to set about bringing the light of America to them?"

"Yes."

"You are funny — but I like you. It is a great thing to have a dream which embraces humanity. It enlarges one's mind, one's soul. May I ask just what your plans are?"

"Well — er — I don't know exactly," Millicent

stammered. "In America I had no idea how difficult it would be."

"How do you feel toward the Turks in general?"

"Of course I think they are a very inferior race."

"Did Orkhan Effendi strike you as an inferior person?"

"N-o, but he must be an exception. One cannot judge a race from an exception."

Elpis pondered for a minute.

"I don't know that I should call Orkhan Effendi such a great exception. Good-looking, courteous, chivalrous, a dreamer, — all these qualities are commonly found among the Turks. But just rouse him, and you will find the barbarian in him as well as in the rest of them. You wish to bring the light of America to a race which for a thousand years has been content to live in its own way."

"Perhaps that was because they did not know anything better."

"H'm! Well, there is no harm in your trying. I will take you, in a day or two, to a regular, old-fashioned Turkish household. Meanwhile you might read the history of Turkey, to let the past help you with the future. I will lend you one."

The Greek girl rose and went over to the American. She threw one arm around her shoulders, and leaning over, kissed her.

"You see, I judged you rightly on the steamer.

I knew that you were not only a pretty girl. But now you must go upstairs and get ready for luncheon. Niko will probably bring some one with him."

"More suitors?"

Elpis smiled.

"Why don't you tell your brother at once that you have no intention of marrying?"

"*What?* Tell my brother that I am going to be an old maid?" Elpis threw her arms heavenward in despair. "It would kill him. In a family like ours, renowned for the beauty of its women — to have an old maid! You don't know how the Greeks feel about such a calamity. They call her 'a letter without an address,' and 'unclaimed at the post-office.' The average Greek girl would rather marry *anybody* than remain an old maid."

Millicent sprang to her feet, laughing.

"Au revoir, my unclaimed letter. I go to dress."

Elpis did not go in with her guest. She lingered by the balustrade of the terrace, looking up to where we are told the Supreme Being holds his court.

"Ah, God," she murmured, "why do you make women so frail, and then give them such big dreams?"

She remained, as if waiting for an answer. Thus had Constantine the Great, Emperor of Constantinople, once in perplexity asked a question of his Maker, and the legend has it that a cross appeared in the heavens, and the words "Under this be victorious."

Elpis remembered the legend. Unconsciously she joined her hands together, and, with upturned face, waited. So long and intently did she stand gazing into the blue that her eyes smarted; but no sign appeared. Finally the tension of her posture relaxed, and, like another Emperor of Constantinople, Julian the Apostate, she shook her finger at the heavenly dome. No such blasphemy as his passed her lips, however. She only said, half-humorously, half-bitterly: —

“Ah, God, you have always been more generous to men than to women.”

Reluctantly she walked toward the door of the house. As she was about to enter the long French window, she turned and looked up into the sky, as if hoping against hope. But the space above remained serenely blue. No sign appeared to mar its beauty.

For a long minute she stood waiting. Then she murmured two lines from her favorite poet, Paraschos: —

“The hosannas of Paradise  
Drown the cries of the Earth.”

## CHAPTER XIX

### IN THE LIGHT OF ISLAM

**A**RE you ready?" Millicent stood on the threshold of Elpis's room, fastening the last button of her gloves.

"I shall be in a minute."

Elpis was putting a thick veil over her hat. Then she opened a drawer and took out a short-barreled revolver. She twirled its cylinder, to make sure it was in working order, and put it into her handbag.

"You are not going to take that revolver with you?" Millicent asked in surprise.

"I always do when I go alone to Stamboul. We shall pass through some lonely streets. That is why I asked you to wear a thick veil and a loose cloak. It is just as well to show as little of yourself as possible to the Turks. They have not forgotten the time when any pretty woman was theirs —if they could get her. I am ready now."

The caïque was waiting for them at the landing, and the two girls took their places on the cushions in the stern. The boat glided out into the Bosphorus under the rhythmic strokes of the three oarsmen. It was the hour of the day when wise people stayed at home in the cool shade of their houses; but Elpis

wished to return from Stamboul before nightfall, and the awning over the boat protected them in a measure from the heat of the sun.

It was too hot to talk, and the wondrous shores — Asia on one side and Europe on the other — slipped past them in silence.

When they reached the landing at Stamboul, the chief oarsman asked Elpis if he were not to accompany her to her destination.

“Not to-day,” she answered. “We are two, and we shall be back before sunset.”

The man’s attitude showed his disapproval of this, but he did not venture to dispute the point with his mistress.

A few minutes later, the two girls were lost in a labyrinth of narrow, crooked, ill-paved streets. The houses on either side were of unpainted wood, turned black by time, and every window was protected by a lattice.

“What curious architecture,” Millicent exclaimed.

“Architecture!” Elpis cried, scant respect in her voice; “I don’t see any. They look to me as if they had sprouted like toadstools.”

There was, indeed, a haphazard air about them all, as if the original boxlike houses had thrown out bay windows and covered balconies under the influence of sun and rain, rather than because of man’s intention.

“Yes, they do; but they are fascinating, and so em-

blematic of their jumbled-up, retarded moral growth. And the windows! See how they turn their poor blind eyes to the world — and do not wish to see what Western civilization is accomplishing.”

Elpis smiled, as she often did at Millicent's ideas.

“They can see more with their poor blind eyes than you might suppose. And let us walk in the middle of the street, not on the sidewalk. You never can tell what may fall on your head. Besides which I always mistrust doors, which can open softly, and as softly close.”

They went on for some two miles without meeting any living thing except a few dogs and two cats. They wound in and out of a web of streets, each presenting its own aspect, yet all very much alike. Now and then the silence was broken by a laugh, sounding uncanny in the deserted place.

At length an open space lay before them.

“This is a typical Turkish square,” Elpis said. “Here is the fountain, built by some pious lady, where animals and men may drink, and where the faithful may wash before prayer. If it were sunset, you would find it filled with bathers. Under that huge plantain tree is the coffee-house. Your Turk pays his penny there, sips his coffee, and sits for hours thinking — not one thought. And that little white building with the minaret on top is the parish *dzami*. The Turkish male prays there, and in it, as a boy, he receives the very little education he possesses.”

At this hour, however, the square was utterly deserted, except for the *cafedji*, stretched across three little stools, asleep, his red handkerchief covering his face.

From the hot square they plunged into more cool, silent streets. The houses were now larger, and there were gardens attached to them. These could not be seen, being hidden behind high walls bristling with broken glass; but one could divine them gardens because fig-trees rose high above the walls, and the scent of flowers filled the air.

From one of them a song rose into the dead silence. At its conclusion there was hand-clapping, and rippling, melodious laughter.

"Can that be a girls' school?" Millicent asked.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because the laughter is so fresh and childish."

"No, they are Turkish women laughing, and their laughter is childish because the great majority of them are like little children. They have the ideas, the aspirations, and the vanities of childhood."

They lingered a minute, but nothing further came from the hidden garden. After this bit of life, the sound of their own footsteps became oppressive to Millicent.

"I certainly hope I shan't lose you, Elpis; for never in the world could I find my way."



"I shall take care that you don't lose me; but now we are at my friend's house."

They stopped before a large door, with two iron knockers. Elpis raised one of these and rapped several times. The door opened, and they entered a vast, cement-floored hall, solely lighted by a window on the stairs, opposite the door.

Millicent looked about her with lively curiosity.

"Who let us in? There is no one here," she whispered.

The Greek pointed to a slender rope coming through a hole in the ceiling, its end fastened to the latch.

"They pulled it from upstairs, after they had well examined who we were. Some one is coming now."

There sounded rapid footsteps on the stairs, and a tall young woman in flowing robes ran down to meet them. Her hair was tied up in a pink veil, and huge earrings dangled from her ears. She salaamed to the floor, and conducted them upstairs to a hall as large as the lower one, but lighted with several latticed windows reaching to the ceiling. A long settee was under the windows, and, judging from the disarray of pillows and coverlets, the hall had been well peopled before the knock at the door had induced the flight of its occupants.

"The house must be full of guests, since they are even using this hall," Elpis remarked.

"But why did they all run away?"

“It is n’t good form for them to meet us before we have had time to wash and fix ourselves up a bit.”

They were conducted to a smaller room, where another slave was waiting to assist them in taking off their wraps, and brought them basins of water and towels. Refreshed, they were taken to an immense room giving on the garden behind, in which were perhaps thirty women. Some were on the settee, some sat cross-legged on rugs, and others were stretched full-length on the floor.

All rose at the entrance of the two Occidentals, and it was like a field of flowers fluttering to life, so many perfumes were commingled, so brilliantly varied were the colors of their gowns. In spite of its ten windows there was only a subdued light in the room, the blinds all being closed, though the slats were turned.

Elpis was kissed by several of the women, and then she presented Millicent to them. They clustered about the fair young American with such frank looks of admiration that Millicent felt the blood rising to her cheeks.

A flood of unintelligible remarks followed. Elpis translated: —

“They want you to take down your hair, in order that they ‘may see its gold at full length.’”

“For heaven’s sake!” Millicent exclaimed. “Is

that the way they do?" Then, noticing the quizzical smile on the Greek's lips: "Well, I hope it will stop there."

"I'm not at all sure it will. They are very natural. Are you going to take down your hair?"

Still Millicent hesitated; but the Turkish women stood around her, expectant as children, and she did as she had been asked. Then every one had to touch the Americana's gold, even the half-dozen children present, some of whom wore only a chemise, and some nothing at all.

Slaves began to bring in an apparently endless supply of sherbets and candy.

When the Turkish women had fingered her dress and stared their fill, they began to ask questions through Elpis.

How old was the Americana?

She was twenty-three.

How many children did she have?

Being told that she was not yet married, their faces unreservedly expressed the pity and horror they felt for her.

Was she not considered pretty in her own country? Did not any man wish to marry her?

Elpis took it on herself to say that her friend was considered very pretty in America, but that she had only just finished her studies.

"Just finished studying — and twenty-three years

old!" they repeated to one another. Was she, then, very stupid?

No, but in America it was considered necessary for girls to go to school longer than in Turkey.

One tall, stately beauty, looking several years older than Millicent, announced: —

"I am only twenty-two; but I have been married seven years and have three children — two of them boys," she ended proudly.

In a rather bewildering fashion the tables were being turned on Millicent. She was treated quite as if *she* were the one to be made to see the error of her ways. With an effort she pulled herself together and resolved to do some questioning in her turn. Perhaps she might implant a seed of divine discontent in this gay and careless household.

What were their occupations? Were they not bored with doing nothing but lying about and drinking sherbets?

They opened their large black eyes — rendered larger by penciling — at these questions.

Bored! Why should they be bored? They had bathing; and lovely picnics in the cemeteries; and the sunsets to watch every evening; and ever so many visits to exchange. Besides, they spent a great deal of time buying costly fabrics and jewelry and slaves.

One of the more energetic went from the room,

and returned, followed by three girls of thirteen, carrying clothes and jewelry.

"These," she announced triumphantly, "are some of my recent purchases, — these three slaves, and all that they are carrying!"

But did they not wish to go out into the world — to be a part of it — to be doing something for it?

Was she crazy? they asked of Elpis. What did she mean by being a part of the world? They were a part of the world, and did a great deal for it. They were giving men to the world to fight for the glory of Islam. It was the Americana who was doing nothing for the world. Where was the man she should be making happy? Where were the boys she ought to be bringing up?

The Greek girl translated, with mischievous enjoyment of the situation; and her friend was not entirely sorry when the entrance of singers and dancers put a stop to her efforts toward implanting the seed of discontent in these darkened souls.

After this entertainment was at an end, and more sherbets had been brought in, the two Christians took their departure. The streets were now less deserted, but Millicent took little interest in their sights. She felt cast down by her experiences of the afternoon. Her thoughts went to Orkhan Effendi. His childhood must have been passed amid such surroundings.

What would not their effect be on any one's character?

Elpis presently broke in on her discouraged meditations.

"Well, my reformer, where will you begin? There were, as you saw, about thirty women there, and only one of them was discontented with her lot."

"Was that the pretty one I saw you talking with while the dancing was going on?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not let me talk to her? She might have had some sympathy with my hopes."

"Unfortunately her discontent is not divine — it is very human. She is to be married in ten days, and would be radiantly happy except that the foolish creature has happened to fall in love with some man she saw passing under her window. So she thinks of suicide, or of running off to the man — whose name she barely knows, and who would very likely be much embarrassed to know what to do with her."

"You don't seem very sorry for her, Elpis."

The Greek girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Love is only one's own little affair. We make as much fuss over it as if the fate of nations depended on it."

It had grown considerably cooler. From behind their lattices women were talking to each other across the street. The two girls met several men, and once a

soldier. Elpis put her hand on Millicent's arm and guided her away from him. "It is just as well not to give him the chance to touch you," she whispered.

Millicent, who had never moved aside from a sober man in her life, glanced back after him with interest.

"They have a terrible reputation, have n't they?"

"And with justice. Although very courteous, even chivalrous to women, it is these same Turkish officers who promise women to their soldiers during war. If you will read the history of Greece, you will find that no mercy was ever shown to women by them. That is why the history of our war for independence is full of stories of women with their little ones jumping off the cliffs into the sea, or blowing up their houses, when the Turkish armies defeated our men."

It all seemed to Millicent only the more reason why Turkey should be given the chance to rise by the help of Western civilization. Her hopes rebounded from their depression of the early afternoon, and again she talked of the great things that might be effected if only the training of the Turks could be changed.

Elpis listened to her with friendliness, if not with sympathy. At length she said: —

"I don't wish to throw cold water on your hopes, but remember that the Turks *have* had a Western influence — and have never been touched by it. Every other nation that conquered Greece was in turn conquered by her civilization, her language, her

literature. The Turks alone have lived side by side with us for over four hundred years without even learning that the Greek civilization is worth studying. You may say that at the time when the Turks conquered us, we were a finished race, and so we were. But it was the Greeks fleeing from Turkey who brought about the European Renaissance. Why have the great majority, who remained among the Turks, been unable to do anything for them? Ah, my dear Millicent, if there is one prophet for us and another for them, it is because we cannot have the same one. The Turks are essentially Asiatic — and Asiatics and Europeans have never commingled.”



## CHAPTER XX

### KISMET!

**E**LPIS, all in white, stood in the doorway. "This morning I must leave you, my golden lily. I am going out for a walk."

"Can't I come too?" Millicent asked.

Elpis shook her head.

"No, I am going to visit my work-people. You did n't know I was a manufacturer, did you?"

"What do you manufacture?"

"A diversity of things — as the economists recommend."

"And where do you sell them?"

"Here!" Elpis pointed to herself. "I am consumer also. It simplifies matters."

Seeing Millicent's puzzled expression, she explained: —

"I try to find out what each of my poor people can do best. It is quite a task; so many of them only seem able to do worst; but between them they manage to clothe me from head to foot — even these!" She thrust forth a dainty silk-stockinged foot.

"Why, you are a philanthropist, after all," Millicent cried, with sudden joy at finding this trait in her

friend, whose cynical light-heartedness had been something of a trial to her.

“Oh, dear, no! *You* are a philanthropist: you wish to elevate the whole world. I have no such Atlas aspirations. I only manage to indulge my passion for hand-made things, while helping a few poor people.”

“Elpis, you must take me with you. I consider the Arts and Crafts movement one of the most hopeful signs of the times. I should so much like to know how you do it in this country.”

The Greek girl only laughed, with a mocking cadence in her voice.

“Arts and Crafts,” she repeated innocently, — “what are they? Tell me about them sometime. But now I must go, and you *cannot* come with me. My poor might feel that they were being exhibited, and they might n’t like it. I have to be as careful of their feelings as I am of their health. *That* keeps me pretty busy sometimes; but I don’t mind it. It keeps my nursing in practice.”

“In practice for what?”

“For the time when Greece shall need the services of every woman, as well as of every man, against the Turks,” Elpis replied, a vibrant note of passion in her voice. “You must amuse yourself as best you can. You may find this history of Turkey interesting.”

Elpis went into the hall and took a large leghorn hat from the rack. She tied it on with a long red veil.

A white parasol completed the pleasing picture she presented as she sauntered away from the house, with a wave of her hand to Millicent.

Left alone, the American girl picked up the history, and idly turned over the leaves. A sentence attracted her attention, and she began to read. She knew as little of Turkish history as most Americans. Gradually she became interested, then absorbed. The life of an unknown race was revealed to her, a race strong with the strength of primitive people, generous and cruel, with the generosity and cruelty of youth.

So utterly lost was she to her surroundings that she did not hear the approach of a man, who came and stood in the doorway and stared at her as if he could never gaze his fill. When at length she chanced to glance up, her eyes dilated with fear, before she broke into a little nervous laugh.

"Oh! is it you, Orkhan Effendi? I was so lost in this history of your race that I thought it was the apparition of your own ancestor, Othman, who stood before me."

The Turk did not reply. He only continued to look down upon her with fixed concentration. His silence and his steady regard made her nervous.

"I am sorry you could not accept my uncle's invitation to luncheon." She spoke to be saying something.

Then for half a minute no word was uttered. In

the gaze of the Turk there was a mesmeric force. She could not take her eyes from his. She felt that she must break the spell that he was casting over her.

Her anger was roused. After all, he was only a man. What was there in a man to be afraid of?

With a little stamp of the foot, she demanded: —

“Why do you look at me like that? Why do you not speak?”

The Turk slowly waved his hand, his eyes never leaving hers, and said, as if compelled rather than wishing to utter the words: —

“When I first met you on the steamer, I looked upon you only as a perfect work of Allah. I allowed my soul to drink at the fountain of your beauty — to gaze upon you as if you had been a star, or some heavenly vision. It was enough. I longed for nothing more. Then Fate decreed that we should speak. I touched your hand. You became for me a woman. Kismet!”

He stopped, and Millicent found herself silent before this strange declaration — silent, but with an unexpected emotion surging through her veins. She cast down her eyes; and presently he went on: —

“Even then I opposed my will against that of Allah. I did not mean to see you again; I did not wish the love of a woman to come into my life. Yet I was no more the man I had been. I was no longer free. The image of your face was imprinted on my soul. I

could not forget you. Awake or asleep, I had to think of you — and the thought of you set my blood on fire. To-day I felt that I must come to this house. I did not know that you were here — I had not been here for a very long time — but I was drawn by an irresistible force.”

His eyes caressed her as he spoke, and Millicent thrilled with an emotion as intoxicating as it was foreign to her. Yet she tried not to look at him; tried to summon her maidenly pride to her aid; but his eyes held hers, and seemed to draw her to him. Only by a superhuman effort did she keep herself from going to him.

“Now I know that a man’s fate is written on his forehead, and that to attempt to evade kismet is the act of a madman trying to force back the current of a river. What we ourselves will matters nothing. And when your eyes meet mine, Paradise opens before me.”

He smiled, and held out his arms to her.

Was this Millicent Grey who was enfolded in them; who gave herself to this mysterious force with never an effort at escape? He bent his head, and pressed his lips on hers. She closed her eyes, the exquisiteness of the moment the only feeling her being had room for.

And then, in the midst of her surrender, she heard — as distinctly as if the Greek girl had been present — the voice of Elpis saying: —

“Beware of Millicent when she awakes.”

She tore herself from Orkhan's arms, trembling, ashamed. Was she really Millicent Grey, and that man a Turk?

He smiled at her rebellion, and made a movement as if to take her again in his arms.

“No!” she cried.

“But I love you, Millicent. I want you for mine.”

“No! No!” she cried again. “I don't know how I — I —”

“Millicent, I love you!” he repeated, as if that were all-sufficient. “And you have told me in more convincing language than words that you love me, too. What does it matter how far apart we started, if now at last we have come together?”

At her gesture of dissent, he continued in wondering tones: —

“Ah! do you not know it? Did you not hear your heart call for mine, as I held you in my arms? Did you not learn from my embrace that you belonged to me? Did not every atom of existence in you cry out for the life I can give you?”

She put forth her hand to stop his speaking.

“Orkhan Effendi, do not say any more. Can you not see the gulf which separates us?”

“You mean that you and I belong to different races, and have different beliefs?”

“Yes! Yes! Everything!”

“But those are external things that do not matter. And the wife becomes what her husband is. His life is hers. What is anything else compared to the love we have for each other? You will be my wife, and you will be happy.”

It was not his argument, it was his intense personality, his charm, his appeal to what was primitive and human in her which set her blood on fire. She was conscious that every atom of her being, except only her mind and reasoning power, called her to this man — Turk though he was.

With a last desperate endeavor, she faced him, and in a voice that was almost steady said: —

“Orkhan Effendi, you will never understand. We belong to different worlds. Our men look upon women differently from the way you do. The women of America are not degraded as the women of Turkey—”

“Degraded!” he broke in, surprise and pain in his voice. “How can my love degrade you? Love is the only divine gift Allah has given to mortals in this existence. Do you not feel our love to be the tenderest and sweetest thing you have ever known?”

“Orkhan Effendi,” the girl implored, almost yielding again to his love, “I want you to go away — *please* do!”

“I will go, my beloved; but you will wish me back again. You will wish me to return and never to leave you. And when you send for me, I will come, because

your command, now, is the one I obey. Before you all must wait — even the work of my life. I love you, Millicent, I love you!”

His voice, his eyes spoke to her of a human passion with an appeal that even her reason could not understand.

She only had strength to point to the door, and to stammer: —

“I — I shall — never — send for you.”

He made her a low *temena*, his fingers touching the ground, the knee, the heart, and his lips.

“Wherever I am, and at whatever hour you send for me, I shall obey, my sultana.”

His certainty that she would send for him roused a certain combative strength in her. She drew herself up, and became again a woman of her own race, with strong mentality and senses now subservient — a woman whose existence he hardly imagined, he the man of earthly love.

Yet something of it he felt; and she appeared to him taller, straighter, and more queenly — a woman infinitely to be desired. Although what she stood for was a closed book to Orkhan, vaguely he felt that there was that in her which was strongly resisting him, a force greater than the difference of race and religion. He could not guess that it was the force of ideals born from that new race and religion. The woman who now stood before him puzzled and baffled



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him; yet he knew there was in her the other woman who loved him and who would answer to his call.

“Orkhan Effendi, will you go?”

He saluted, as gracefully as before.

“I go, since you ask me. And I shall come when you send for me. I am now yours.”

He left her with dignity. He went away, not as a man who has been requested to do so, but as a ruler of whom a favor has been sought, and who graciously confers it.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR

AS soon as Orkhan Effendi had gone, Millicent ran up to her room and shut the door. She tried to lock it, but the key was missing. She dared not trust herself before the eyes of even a chance servant. She had lost her poise: her mental equilibrium was completely upset. To think that she, Millicent Grey, of Boston, should have permitted herself to be swept off her feet by this handsome Turk — should have let him hold her in his arms — should even yet thrill to the uttermost fibre of her being by the remembrance of his caresses. She could not understand herself.

Could it be true, as Elpis had said, that there existed in every person a primitive being, with primitive demands, and that when it awakened it was stronger than the cultivated being which ordinarily ruled according to the code of civilization and morality?

Millicent shuddered at the power of the primitive being within herself; and the feeling which angered and humiliated her the most was the certitude that for the moment she had been absolutely happy in the arms of that man. Even in her present revulsion, the

recollection of it had almost the power to cause her to forget all else.

Millicent was more than an average girl. She was one of those women who are the glory of America, and give glimpses and hopes of a yet higher womanhood to come. She faced herself now as if she were two distinct persons: she herself, and this other one who had just come to life, and sought for domination. The civilized Millicent was the judge; this other was the culprit, strong and rebellious.

“What is it that you want?” she demanded of her other self; and the unabashed answer was such as to make the judge blush. For the rebel wished the love of a man, alien to her faith and to the ideals of her country.

She shuddered. Yes, Elpis was right; there was a primitive being in her who answered to the primitive call. But then she rallied her forces. Elpis could not know the faith in themselves which American women have attained through their education and their position in their own country.

With a determined gesture Millicent pushed back her golden hair. She had been forced to acknowledge the primitive being in herself; but she only acknowledged it in order to fight it and to vanquish it. She filled her bowl with cold water, and bathed her hands and her face. After this she felt cleaner, stronger. To-morrow her visit to the Paparighopoulos would

come to an end. Back at her uncle's there was little chance that she would meet Orkhan; and that she did not wish to see him again she was certain at this instant.

Just then she heard Elpis calling her name, a note of gladness in her voice.

She did not make a reply.

Her name sounded again, in the hall outside her door.

Millicent sprang up, glanced desperately at the keyless lock, and then, before she realized at all what she was going to do, she ran to her closet and hid herself in it. Elpis came into the room, and called her name; but Millicent cowered low in the darkness, and pulled the gowns in front of her, the better to conceal herself. She heard Elpis go, and, still calling her, pass downstairs out into the garden.

Then only did Millicent come from her hiding-place, a cloud of shame reddening her brow. She stood before the mirror, and looked straight into her own eye.

"*Why* did I hide?" she demanded. "*Why did* I do it?"

She began to study her own reflection with growing interest: the golden hair, the lines of cheek and throat, the superb figure, and then especially the mouth, which curved and lived. She shook her head at the whole lovely reflection. It was this soulless creature of



WHY DID I DO IT?



flesh and blood who had been born this day, and threatened to rule supreme.

The gray eyes alone remained true. They frowned.

“You may think you will rule,” they said, “but you will find that your reign is short.”

## CHAPTER XXII

### BROTHER AND SISTER

**I** HAVE bad news for you," Elpis cried, her eyes sparkling. "I have been hunting for you everywhere to tell you."

"Bad news? You don't look as if it were bad news."

"For me it is n't. Your aunt is down with scarlet fever, and you are to stay with me six weeks longer."

"Oh! but I must go back to them at once and see what I can do."

"Not at all. They don't want you. Two sisters from the French Hospital are already there, and your uncle asked Niko if you could stay with us a little while longer until he made arrangements for you elsewhere. Of course Niko told him that I would never let you go. So, my beloved, you are to be here six weeks longer — six whole weeks — think of that!"

Slowly the color heightened in Millicent's cheeks.

"I am glad I am to be here," she murmured, suddenly shy, because all of her gladness was not for the pleasure of being with Elpis.

The news deranged all her plans, set all her good resolutions at naught. Fate had stretched forth a careless finger and brushed aside the conscientious plan of a maiden as if it were a cobweb. Millicent felt



a subdued elation at this cavalier upsetting of her resolutions. It was not her fault. She had meant to go home to-morrow and never to see Orkhan again. Now the responsibility was taken from her shoulders, and she was almost content that it was so. With Fate to aid and abet one, the best of us are capable of pretty nearly anything.

After she was in bed that night, when Elpis came to kiss her good-night, Millicent remarked, quite casually: —

“I forgot to tell you that Orkhan Effendi was here this morning.”

“Yes?”

Elpis waited for more; but nothing more came. She went away presently, and Millicent hid her burning face in her pillow. “Forgot” to tell that Orkhan had been there, when she had been thinking of nothing else all day.

In her own room Elpis sat for a long time by the window, her eyes on the cold comfort of the stars. Poor little Millicent, whom she would so gladly help if she would only let her, — and if any one could help her. She felt years older than the American college girl, and yearned over her with a love like that of a mother for her helpless offspring.

Elpis was a very womanly woman beneath the crust of cynical brilliance she showed the world. Fate had not been altogether kind in showering her with

such a diversity of gifts. With a less active mentality she would have married early, adored her husband, and worshiped her babies. She would have made a happy home for the former; and upon her children she would have lavished an affection which would have continued for them on earth the celestial home whence the poets tell us they come. But to this loving nature had been added a mind which nullified it. Had she been less richly dowered on the one side or on the other, she would have been a happier woman.

After the stars had twinkled down upon her for a long time, she sighed: —

“I wish I had taken her with me to-day.”

Another long silence.

“But she, a Puritan — so different from us women of the South. How could she have been touched so quickly, even by him? She forgot to tell me he had been here! Poor darling!”

Elpis did not voice any more of her thoughts. Perhaps they were too difficult to utter. She remained waiting by the window till the small hours of the night. At last she heard her brother's footsteps. She waited for him to go to his room, then lighted a candle and went to him.

Softly she opened the door of his sitting-room. Niko Paparighopoulos was seated by his student lamp reading a letter. Elpis stood still, watching him. She knew that he was not a handsome man, but she felt

his charm, and understood the attraction he had for other women. There was something very lovable about him, and his sister had a great, almost motherly affection for him. But deep down in her heart — so deep that she rarely looked into its depth — she despised him. She knew that he had spent the best years of his manhood as his friends had spent theirs, and she, with her dreams for the deliverance of the Greater Greece from the bondage of Turkey, loathed this waste of human energy. She believed that were the lives of the best Greeks cleaner, the race she worshiped would still be one to reckon with.

She walked into his room, now, her loose evening attire showing her lithe figure off to its best advantage.

Her brother rose, and smiled at her approach. Like all Greeks he had a great admiration for physical perfection.

“How good-looking you are, Elpis. But how did you happen to be up so late?”

The girl kissed him affectionately; then took the chair he offered her.

“I have been waiting for you,” she said.

“Anything serious?”

“Orkhan Effendi has been here to-day.”

“Indeed! Did he leave a message for me?”

“No. Niko, I came to tell you that I do not wish him to come here again.”

The Greek's face became livid.

"Has he dared —" he cried in a voice full of passion.

"No, Niko dear," Elpis interrupted calmly. "I know your right to defend the women of your family. But if a Turk dared — and I had not encouraged him to dare — I should not wait for you to hear of it. I believe in speedy action. But it is not for me; it is for Millicent."

Since his own sister was not involved, the Greek became again the reasonable man of the world, with an abruptness of change which would have been comical had there been any one present to appreciate it.

"Do you mean that they are beginning to care for one another? I do not see why they should not. Orkhan is my friend, and a first-rate chap."

"I do not wish him to come here again."

"But do try to be reasonable. She is not a Greek woman, she is an American — and American women marry anybody. And what a perfect pair they would make, she the daughter of the sun, he the son of the night."

"Please dismiss your poetical imagery for a practical point of view," said Elpis dryly. "I do not wish Millicent to see Orkhan Effendi, and I do not care what methods I employ, so long as I keep them separate. You know perfectly well that the love of a Turk can never bring happiness to a Christian woman."

Paparighopoulos had loved many women, he might almost be said to love all women. But he wished them to be mere physical women, doting on the love of man. In spite of certain advanced views he sometimes advocated, he was essentially Oriental in his attitude toward them. He could utilize their cleverness, as he had done in the Young Turks movement; but clever women he respected and did not love. Clever women were creatures of the Devil, made for the discomfort of men; beautiful women were made for their happiness. Rather grudgingly he accepted the help of clever women — with gratitude the love of the charming ones.

As Elpis, deep down in her heart, despised her brother, so he, in the secret precincts of his being, mistrusted his sister. He could not blink the fact that she was clever. Since she had come of age, and had assumed the administration of her own fortune, there had been some encounters between brother and sister, from which the man had come out worsted. He feared her — and men should never fear women. He was very anxious for her to marry, not only because marriage was the only proper career for women, but because he wished to see some other man encounter her brain. Her brain! What right had she to a man's brain? It disconcerted him.

Still, as she sat before him in a reclining-chair, he was enchanted by her, nor did he know in the least

that what he loved in her was the mind and soul which lighted the face.

"I wish, my little sister," he said very tenderly, "that you were talking to me about your own love-affairs, not another's. Surely, Elpis, it is time that you should choose."

"Never mind about me, Niko. I want you to help me with Millicent. I wish you would be very attentive and nice to her."

"And what if she should fall in love with me?" he asked, smiling.

"I wish she would. I could cure her easily from that."

"You are not very complimentary. But supposing that *I* should fall in love with her?"

"You mean that you might wish to marry her? Well, it will do you a lot of good to want to marry her, — though you would find that to be Miss Grey's husband would not be an easy task. She will make a strenuous wife."

He waved a hand. "When a woman loves, it is so easy to tame her."

Elpis regarded her brother with a mocking light in her eyes.

"When such women as you have loved — perhaps. But Millicent is different from those you have known. Ah, Niko dear, how far behind the times some of you men are! — And now will you do what I ask?"

“I most certainly will not.”

“Why?”

“First, because it would be preposterous to forbid my house to my friend; and secondly, because I tacitly told Orkhan that I would not interfere.”

“Ah!” cried Elpis, “so you have already settled between yourselves who is going to have her — Achilles and Agamemnon; only this time there is more harmony among the leaders. But, my brother, the time has gone by when women are apportioned out in this manner; and I shall at least see that Millicent is not sacrificed.”

“Why do you call it a sacrifice of her? I should rather say he were the one sacrificed, since a woman would come between him and his work.”

The Greek girl had grown pale.

“Brother, I do not wish Orkhan to come into Millicent’s life.”

One of Niko Papparighopoulos’s unspoken ideas about women was that they were incapable of sincere affection for one another. Perceiving that his sister was really in earnest, he searched about for another reason than the one she gave him. His mind lighted on the most obvious. Could Elpis have persistently refused to marry because she was herself in love with Orkhan? The thought struck him very hard.

He grasped his sister’s arm so tightly that it hurt her, and cried: —

“What? Can it be that you, my sister, and the daughter of the Paparighopoulos, are so contemptible as to care for a Turk? Ah! but I could kill you!”

Elpis, in furious anger, wrenched herself free. She was as tall as he, and now appeared taller, as she faced him, apparently calm, in such a white heat was she.

“And who has given you the right to kill me, please, for loving whomsoever I choose? Have I killed you because you wasted your manhood in your light loves?”

Righo was trembling with anger at her defiance, but his instinctive good-breeding enabled him to master himself.

“A man’s life is not like a woman’s,” he managed to say.

“That is what men say; but I do not see why I have not the right to kill you for such acts as you would not condone in me. We are both guardians of the honor of the same name. Who gave you the right to punish me for my wrongdoings? Who made you master over me? There was a time when men, because they were stronger, fought for the honor of their women, but that time has passed. Civilization now protects the women. There is no difference in our codes to-day, and the sooner you come to that understanding, the better it will be for the man as well as for the woman.”

While speaking, her tone had changed. Her anger



had subsided as quickly as it had arisen. She finished almost as if he were a little boy, and she his guardian. Putting her hand on his shoulder now she added very gently: —

“Ah! my dear brother, had your energy been turned in the right direction, what a Greek you would have made.”

She drew his reluctant head toward her and kissed him.

“Why should we quarrel, Niko? There is no cause, dear. You know that I am as good a Greek as you. But Orkhan, apart from his nationality, is a very charming man, and he may attract Millicent, the woman, though he could never satisfy her mind, her aspirations. Her life is precious, — so is his. He has dreams, — and so has she. Let us, then, keep them apart for their mutual good.”

Niko considered his sister's words for some time.

“I cannot say that the matter strikes me exactly as it does you, Elpis. In the first place, there is not the same bloody past between Americans and Turks that there is between Greeks and Turks. Then, Orkhan is not of the old Turks: he is of the new order which seeks to advance his nation in civilization, just as the Americans wish to advance theirs. Are we not rather insulting Miss Grey's intelligence by presupposing her incapable of choosing a suitable man for her husband? And moreover, if she *is* incapable, should we not be

doing the very thing to drive her to him, by trying to prevent her seeing him?"

Righo, though still angry, was to outward appearance quite calm and dispassionate; and his sister, after her recent outbreak, was more gentle and amenable than usual. Though in her heart unconvinced, she admitted the force of her brother's reasoning. She hung her head dejectedly.

"Perhaps you are right, brother," she said. "Good-night"; and slowly she went from the room.

He looked after her.

"What curious creatures women are when they think," he murmured, "and how crookedly they do it. Hinder Orkhan! On the contrary, I should like him to marry her — and the sooner the better. A woman is a mystery to a man so long as he is not married to her."

And with this philosophical reflection he went back to his letter.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE EAST CLAIMS HER SON

**W**HEN Orkhan went away from Millicent he was not quite so unruffled as he seemed. He walked more rapidly than was his custom, his stride unconsciously adjusting itself to the progression of his thoughts. For the first time a woman had really come into his life. Till now his work had been preëminent. The desire for Millicent made him again — in spite of his education and his enlightened aspirations — a Turk.

To a Turk the present alone exists: by his religion he is forbidden to think of the morrow. In a measure he regretted that Millicent had come thus unexpectedly into his life, to complicate it. But what was the use of wasting regrets over the inevitable? With one shrug of the shoulders he shook off his Occidental education: his soul belonged to the East. Being a Turk, he implicitly believed in his superiority, both as a male and as an Osmanli; and the mere fact that he wanted a woman was reason sufficient that she should become his.

In the olden times when a Turk saw a woman and desired her, he fought her legal masters and thus obtained her. Later, he bought her; and he still purchases her, although now the price he pays is called

her dowry. The feelings through which the men of other nationalities arrive at marriage are unknown to the Turks. Social considerations do not exist among them. A man may marry whom he chooses, and the mere fact of his marrying her elevates her to the state of a free woman, if she be a slave, or to the rank of a great lady, if she be lowly, and he of high standing.

Now that Orkhan loved Millicent, all other considerations for the moment became secondary. He still felt a tinge of resentment towards her that she should have set his pulses to beating for her at this inopportune hour; but his desire for her was overpowering, and the thrill it caused him more than offset his resentment. That she eventually would become his, he did not even question. All that mattered was that *he* loved her, that *he* wanted her. This was the supreme fact. With the instinct that belongs to the Turkish man, more, perhaps, than to the man of any other nation, he divined that she cared for him. That she would learn to love him supremely, once she were his, he did not doubt for an instant. He smiled in contentment. His stride became slower and slower. Near by was a grove of trees. He turned into it, and sat down; and, Turk-like, abandoned himself to the contemplation of his coming happiness.

It did not once disturb the pleasant tenor of his thoughts that she was an American with different ideas from his own, and that she had in a measure

repulsed him. It was right that the woman should at first be shy of the man's caresses. It was a part of the game of love. She should hide, and he should seek. Women had been created for men, they were necessary to his pleasure, and in order that he might become the father of men. And a woman's happiness comes to her when she is loved by a man and permitted by Allah to bring sons into the world.

In a dreamy, ruminative way Orkhan mapped out his life and that of Millicent. He meant to make her very happy, to give her all that a woman needed. In his love for her he was already planning the beautiful house, the vast, flower-filled garden which should be hers, and which, besides his love, would be all that she would need. Once or twice certain obstacles lying between him and his marriage with Millicent claimed his attention, but with Oriental fatalism Orkhan brushed these aside, and gave himself up to the happiness of the moment.

After an hour's pleasant meditation, he rose and walked slowly down to where his boat was waiting for him. He stepped into it, and ordered his men to row him to his home. But now, lying in the bottom of his boat, he left the agreeable pictures that he had previously conjured up. He turned over a page of the book of life, and faced the difficulties before him. These were not Millicent's nationality, her religion, or what different ideas from his she might hold con-

cerning the conduct of life. Neither had they even a suspicion of the timid lover's fears lest his love be rejected. No, the only thing which troubled him was that, as he valued his life and Millicent's, he could not dream of marrying her openly — or even of letting his love for her be known.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### A SULTANA IN LOVE

**I**N the olden times, Orkhan, being the son of a sister of the Sultan, would have been killed at his birth, in order that no male of a collateral branch should exist to have pretensions to the throne. Even Turkey has made some progress during the nineteenth century. Although each new Sultan still has the privilege of diminishing the number of his heirs, if he deem this safer, — especially if they are the sons of capable mothers, — yet many of the women who have the ill-luck to be born imperial princesses are permitted to see their sons grow up.

In his boyhood and early youth Orkhan had shown a scholarly aptitude. As the house of Othman had once been distinguished for its poets and writers, no less than for its statesmen and warriors, it pleased the Sultan to have one of his nephews bring glory to his line with his pen, and he received favorably the suggestion of Orkhan's English tutor that he send him to Oxford. When, four years later, spies reported that Orkhan had become interested in the Young Turks movement, he sent for him. The young man's instant obedience lessened the Sultan's suspicions. Before he made up his mind what to do with Orkhan, his favor-

ite daughter, Leila Sultana, chanced to see Orkhan, and fell in love with him.

Orkhan, who had all his plans laid for instant flight, found himself showered with honors, and was informed that he was to become Leila's husband. The thought of uniting his blood with that of his father's murderer was not pleasing; and besides he had no taste for becoming a virtual prisoner in the Palace — the fate of men who marry imperial princesses; yet he received the announcement with becoming expressions of gratitude. He declared, however, that he had made a vow to his mother not to marry before he was thirty-five. Not even the Sultan would think of forcing him to disregard a vow made to a dead mother; and the young man felt a hope that Princess Leila would not care to spend the best years of her youth in celibacy.

In the latter respect Orkhan was disappointed. Princess Leila chose to wait. Until he fell in love with Millicent, this seemed, on the whole, a fortunate circumstance. For in spite of Orkhan's continued interest in the Young Turks movement, only one spy ever breathed a word against him to the Sultan. That spy died within three hours, and thereafter Orkhan bore a charmed life, — for even spies must live. But Orkhan soon discovered himself to be under another surveillance even more rigid than that of the Sultan. Princess Leila believed in his vow to his dead mother,



and intended that he should keep it rigidly. A trusted *kelardzi* was put at the head of his household, and his every movement, as a man, was reported to his affianced. His actions as a Young Turk or conspirator did not interest her. Brought up in an atmosphere where conspiracy and plots were the ordinary vexations of living, she looked upon them as necessary evils, and not dangerous.

As his men were now rowing him toward his kiosk, he was wondering how he could outwit the Princess. To defy her openly was impossible: it would mean certain death for Millicent, and probably for himself. He could not even think of the possibility of two wives, since the husband of an imperial princess was condemned to monogamy.

Now that he loved Millicent, his first thought, Turk-like, was to hide her from the world, to keep her for himself, to enjoy her in secrecy, as a miser gloats over his treasure. The thought that Righo should see her every day, should speak to her face to face, and touch her hand in the immodest way of the Christians, maddened him, and roused in his heart a bitter feeling of antagonism toward a man whom up to this time he had liked.

"I need the help of a woman," he murmured. "She must be sympathetic and intelligent, and of my own race." He thought of his old nurse, but dismissed her as too ignorant. The image of his cousin Malkhatoun

came to him. She was the one to help him. She belonged to the Young Turks Party, she hated Sultan Abdul Hamid, the Usurper, who had thrown into prison the father of her father, the rightful sultan, — she would help him to trick Leila Sultana. He could not see her openly; but he had managed to talk with her several times, and could do so again. In the Palace he had found the vigilance of his affianced to be relaxed. There he was supposed only to be in the selamlık, the men's quarters, or to pay pious visits to his old nurse, his milk-mother. It was in the kiosk of this milk-mother that had been arranged the meetings with Malkhatoun. Through his nurse's devotion he had been able to penetrate into the haremlik of the ex-sultan and to gain the coöperation of his cousin.

Having decided on the course he would pursue, Orkhan ordered his boatmen to proceed to the Imperial Palace.

## CHAPTER XXV

### ON DANGEROUS GROUND

**T**HE Palace is a city within a city. There dwell thousands of men and women, women who are wives, ex-wives, kalfas, nurses, ex-nurses, or merely beautiful girls who may become wives. There are also a multitude of slaves with neither high recollections nor high aims. Here live in semi-imprisonment all those who may some day be called upon to become Allah's Great Shadow. Meanwhile they are mere human shadows, living in the enervating atmosphere of odalisques. Every movement of these princes is watched, every word of theirs reported and interpreted. Some of them, it is said, acquire the habit of never speaking. This does not mean that intrigues are not going on daily and hourly. The constant espionage seems to render its subjects, in the end, reckless, and ready for all sorts of harebrained plots. Amid the slaves, not infrequently, some gorgeous girl, just bought and brought into the Palace, is the secret emissary of some personage of high rank, holding in her pink palm the lives of half a score of the great.

Mahometan fatalism assists this condition greatly. With one's fate already written down in the sacred books, why not embark in dangerous enterprises?

Only that will befall which will befall. Thus, within the precincts of the Palace many a plot is hatched, and many a life is lost; and all these things which happen are only the prelude to the eternal bliss which will come to all true believers in paradise.

Orkhan found his nurse in her small kiosk which she shared with a *miradjju*, now too old either to invent or satisfactorily to repeat the tales with which she once delighted the ears of sultanas. Her vogue was over, and she only told her stories to such palaces as were not sufficiently in favor to expect better *miradjus*. Orkhan's nurse, having given her milk to one who had the blood of Othman in his veins, was entitled to good treatment as long as she lived, even though her foster-child should chance to be executed as a rebel. A mother comes first among the Turks, a nurse second, children third, and a mere wife fourth.

Nurse Saaded's kiosk consisted of two apartments, where she and the old *miradjju* trained up a bevy of young slaves. It was Orkhan's duty to come from time to time and kiss the hand of the woman whose milk, as the Turks believe, flowed in his veins. She had enlisted in the Young Turks movement without in the least understanding it. She only knew that her boy, her Orkhan, wished her to do certain things; and she would have done them had they cost her her life. She was devoted to her foster-child. Was he not a male? Was he not of the imperial blood? Was he not tall

and straight and handsome? There had never been a hero, in his nurse's eyes, so great as her Orkhan.

At sight of him she clapped her hands with joy. She prostrated herself before him. She embraced his feet, and rising, took him in her old arms and petted him and kissed him and scolded him, as if he were still a baby.

"It is a long time since I have seen my young lion," she complained. "Even our Padishah kisses his nurse's hand oftener than my boy does mine."

Orkhan stretched himself out on a hard sofa, his head in his nurse's lap, in order that she might fondle him to her heart's content. When slaves brought in coffee and sweetmeats, he ate and drank, and praised them extravagantly. Nowhere else could he obtain such good things as he did here, he avowed.

"You can't say as much for the slaves who brought them in," Nurse Saaded complained. "I am only permitted to have plain ones to train for menial work. Leila Sultana sees to it that no young beauties are apportioned to this household."

In the whining voice common in Oriental women of her class she spent a quarter of an hour complaining of Leila Sultana's behavior and of the cruel conditions under which her Orkhan had to live. The supposed vow to the dead mother, and the heartless surveillance of the promised wife, denied to her young lion that which, to a woman of her thinking, it was

only right that he should have, and this deprivation rendered him even dearer to her.

Presently her whining died away. She leaned toward him and put her lips close to his ear.

“But I know how to outwit the Princess,” she whispered. “Oh, my lion, I have tucked away, somewhere, a young slave, wondrous as a houri, — and all for you, my boy, all for you!”

Orkhan laughed and patted her affectionately on the back.

“That’s very kind of you, but I am too busy for houris, just now. There are too many things for me to do.”

Nurse Saaded began to cry. “They were making her boy an ascetic, a Christian monk, and Allah did not like it. Why had he given him such glorious manhood, if he were to waste it? Where were his sons? They were all still unborn. Was that right toward Allah?”

“There! there! milk-mother, don’t cry any more. Soon my sons will be born, and you can rule over them as you ruled over me; but I am in trouble, and I want your help.”

She stopped crying at once, her big black eyes fastened on his face.

“I must see my cousin Malkhatoun,” Orkhan whispered in her ear.

The old woman’s face showed her fright.

“At this hour? Is my lion growing mad?”

Orkhan drew her to him and kissed her. “I must, nurse. I came to you because I knew you could manage it.”

She still feebly tried to dissuade him, but he only insisted the more. Finally Saaded gave in. After all, only that could happen which was already foretold. Besides it pleased her tremendously to outwit Princess Leila, who would only give her ugly slave girls to train. Her life had been growing monotonous of late: these adventures added piquancy.

She rose and went into the other room to consult with the old *miradju*. They put their heads together, and discussed various plans, which they rejected. Finally they hit upon one which pleased them both, whereupon they fell into each other's arms and embraced.

Nurse Saaded returned to Orkhan with the air of a conqueror, and in whispers told him her plan.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### IN DISGUISE

UNDER ordinary circumstances it would have been quite possible for Orkhan to have an occasional interview with his cousin Malkhatoun; but during the suspicious reign of Abdul Hamid all intimacies between cousins were frowned upon. When the blood of Othman met the blood of Othman he feared plotting — and Malkhatoun was younger and fairer than Leila Sultana. The mistrust and disfavor in which the household of the deposed sultan was held, though they rendered intercourse with its members difficult, prepared them for the propaganda of the Young Turks Party; and they became ardent workers in the movement which planned the downfall of the Usurper.

It is true that the palace of the former sultan was filled with spies; but many of these were eventually won over to the side of this household so filled with unhappiness and romance. Malkhatoun, with her beauty and grace, gained the hearts of not a few who were set to spy upon her family. And those who still remained faithful to Abdul Hamid were outwitted by those faithful to Murad's household.

It took several hours to perfect the plans for the in-



terview Orkhan desired. An Oriental, he did not fret at the delay. He ate his dinner, drank several cups of coffee, and then stretched himself out on a divan and gave himself to sleep, while waiting.

Under pretext of inquiring about his health, Princess Leila sent two old slaves to Saaded's kiosk. The old nurse and the *miradju* were dismayed at their coming. Presently their cunning minds saw a way of turning this to their advantage. Softly they opened the door of the room in which Orkhan was taking his nap and let the slaves peep in. The latter wished to go near him, Nurse Saaded vehemently opposed this, and threw her arms around the waist of one of the slaves; but the other, with a triumphant leer, slipped by her and approached the couch where Orkhan lay. She stopped, dismayed. This was no deception: this was assuredly Orkhan Effendi, and as he stirred in his sleep, the slave hastily crept out of the room.

The *miradju* closed the door, and then turned fiercely on the old slave: —

“Do you take our master to be a dancing-girl to be gaped at by every ill-begotten one who desires to?”

“Do not be angry with us. Leila Sultana wishes to know how the health of her affianced is,” replied the slave apologetically. “She had heard rumors that he was not so well.”

“And we would have been beaten,” the other added

hastily, "had we come back without having seen with our own eyes that he was well."

The old plotters pretended to be mollified, and invited the slaves to spend the afternoon with them, and see the young slaves they were training. The two cronies accepted with a smirk of satisfaction. Their orders were not to leave the house until they saw Orkhan go away, and they were not a little pleased to have their hostesses play into their hands.

When all were seated, partaking of refreshments, and pleasantly talking palace scandal, a eunuch arrived from ex-Sultan Murad's household, begging the *miradju* to go there and amuse a little boy who had been taken ill with the measles.

"Yes, when little boys have measles they send for me," the old dame grumbled; "but when there are many guests and much merrymaking they do not wish to hear me any more. I have guests of my own. I cannot go."

The eunuch looked downcast.

"He is a very nice little boy and he asked especially for you," he urged. "He said: 'I want to hear Miriam Hanoum tell about the White Bear' — and he is all speckled from the measles."

"It is bad luck to refuse a favor to a sick child," Nurse Saaded put in.

The *miradju* rose protestingly.

"At my age a person should not have her comfort

disturbed by every speckled child — and it was such a pleasant conversation we were having. But you will come again, sometime, and tell me the rest of that story. If the child were not sick — ”

Still mumbling and grumbling, she left the room. Outside, it ceased, and her old eyes sparkled with excitement. She hurried to her own room, gathered up her best outer garments and several strips of white cloth, and went to where Orkhan was still “deceiving the dead.” With her hand outstretched to waken him, she stopped, leaning over the couch. He was, indeed, good to look at, she thought. The women he would love would be fortunate ones. She sighed, thinking of her own young days. With the edge of her indoor veil she wiped the moisture from her eyes. Women are young in this world only once, and Allah was good to make such men as Orkhan.

Leaning down she kissed him softly on the forehead.

“Wake up, young *aslan!*” she whispered.

Orkhan stretched himself, and slowly opened his eyes.

The old woman smiled at him.

“Wake up, Bey Effendi. All is ready!”

Orkhan sprang to his feet.

“Do not make any noise,” she warned. “Two spies from the Princess are here. They have seen you and are content. Now is the time to take you to Princess Malkhatoun.”

She kneeled down and took his shoes off. She wrapped the strips of white cloth about his legs till they were as fat and bulky as her own. Then she dressed him in voluminous petticoats, put on the outer *yashmak*, and finally enveloped his head in yards and yards of yellow gauze. Secretly she congratulated herself on her vanity, which made her always thus conceal from sight the ravages of time.

“It is fortunate I was tall when I stood up straight. But you must bend well over and not forget. Now, take this stick and imitate my walk. So! Only slower. It is the young who have plenty of time who walk fast. Ah! that is better.”

When Orkhan’s performance satisfied his critical teacher, she kissed him, and gave him her blessing.

“If it is preordained that we should be discovered, who can help that?” she ended with a sigh.

Orkhan tottered forth into the sunshine, beside the eunuch, while Leila Sultana’s spies were sipping sherbets with Nurse Saaded.

In his place on the divan lay the old *miradj*, his coat on, his fez pulled down over her face and the coverlet drawn up to her chin, tranquilly waiting to learn what Allah had ordained should happen to her next.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### MALKHATOUN

**I**N one of the group of gilded palaces forming the imperial residence, lived the family of Sultan Murad, the unfortunate prince who was deposed shortly after his accession to the throne, and who was retained in solitary confinement as insane until he died.

Sultan Abdul Hamid had always watched this household with suspicious eyes. So long as Sultan Murad lived, — who might easily become sane again, were there a successful revolution in his behalf, — it was a menace to his reign. Afterwards, its members living quietly, united by their misfortunes, it caused him little uneasiness, and he began to view it more leniently, and even at times made its members unexpected gifts of extra money.

Among the daughters and granddaughters of Murad were several renowned for their loveliness. Pearl among them all was Malkhatoun, who was now sitting alone in her room, her guitar by her side, and numerous books in French and English scattered over the velvet carpet which covered her divan. But she was not playing or reading. She was sitting on the divan, looking out through the gilded lattices into the garden which surrounded her prison, and dreaming of the

Might-be and the May-not, of the paradise, or the sad, monotonous years before her, as youth will always dream. During the last two years there had been times when she had been very happy, aiding her former playfellow Orkhan in his work for the Young Turks — Orkhan, who never noticed that she had grown to be a woman. And in a year she was destined to become the bride of another cousin. She glanced down at her slender hands. Among the many rings on them was one whose yellow stone borrowed its color from a liquid it contained. It was only a drop, but that drop could save Malkhatoun from a hateful fate.

She twirled the ring around on her finger. “You precious one,” she murmured, “how dear you are to me!”

Her glance fell on a bent figure and two slaves coming toward her palace. At first she did not even feel idle curiosity concerning them. Then she leaned forward, her breath came fast, and the color flickered over her cheeks.

“Is it — Yes, it is he! Oh! how risky in broad daylight. How well disguised he is. Allah guard him! Allah be with him!”

She did not take her eyes from him until he passed out of sight around the corner of the house. Then she rose, went into an inner room, and stood before her mirror. It told her once more that there was no flaw

in her beauty, but there was only momentary pleasure in this. A shadow came over her face.

“Malkhatoun, thou mayest be a treasure of a woman, as thy name declares; but he desires no such treasure as thou art.”

The face in the mirror frowned at her as she spoke; nevertheless she went to a closet, took out a dark red cloak, embroidered with gold thread, and threw it about her slender figure. It concealed, yet suggested her lines, and covered her bare arms and the bare Circassian throat. Her small head, crowned with blue-black masses of wavy hair, rose above her slender neck like a flower on its stem.

Malkhatoun surveyed her head with a slight disapproval. She opened a casket, took out a long chain of emeralds, and twined it among her tresses over her forehead. The color of the stones accentuated the deep reflections of her dark eyes and enhanced her beauty. For a few seconds she stood enchanted with her own loveliness. Then, remembering, she tore the emeralds from her head roughly.

“Thy beauty is nothing to him!”

She tossed the chain on a table, and in its place threw a sombre lace veil over her hair, and then waited.

In a few minutes a young slave of her own age, and who had drunk the same milk as she, becoming thus her milk-sister, came cautiously into the room.

“Malkhatoun, my sister,” she whispered, “you must

come to your work cabinet. *He* is there waiting for you. The whole line is on guard, and he will be safe so long as he is in this house."

Although Malkhatoun had seen him coming and had been making ready for him, now she trembled like a leaf in the wind.

"Go say I — I am coming; but first — bring — bring me a glass of water."

Alone she tried to stop the beating of her heart. "Do, foolish heart, stop beating so hard. He may hear thee — and then he might guess — and never come again!" She walked up and down the room. "Foolish little heart, thou dost not wish to betray thy secret and be scorned? For even he may be cruel where he does not love."

Her milk-sister brought her the glass of water; and then quietly and composedly Malkhatoun went into her work cabinet.

She salaamed to the floor, and he salaamed low. She repeated the salutation, and so did he.

"Be seated, my cousin," she said. "I am very happy to see you here. But, my cousin, in broad daylight, ought you to risk your life thus?"

"I had to see you, Malkhatoun, to-day. I had great need of you."

"You command, my cousin, and I obey."

"To-day I am not come to you for the movement. I come to see you on a personal matter."



Under her cloak the girl's fingers were intertwined.

"I am always ready to serve you."

Orkhan came to the point at once.

"Malkhatoun, you are perhaps too secluded and too young yet to know that there is a time when a man's heart speaks a name, and his whole being hears nothing else."

Malkhatoun's head drooped. A pallor overspread her face. She could hear her heart beating, and it seemed as if it would suffocate her.

"Malkhatoun, my heart has spoken. I love a woman."

He drew nearer to her, and for a brief instant a mad hope rushed through the girl's heart.

"The girl I love is an American. You know that I cannot marry her openly without endangering her life, — but marry her I must."

Gasping, the girl battled against her emotions. They were like gigantic waves engulfing her. But Orkhan saw nothing of this. He went on talking — as only a lover does, when he speaks of her he has just begun to love.

The unconsciousness of his cruelty alone saved Malkhatoun. Her head averted she listened to him, and when he ceased she said, naturally and quietly: —

"What is it you wish of me, my cousin?"

"I have come to you because I feel that you will help me. Tell me what I must do to get her."

In her own anguish, his coming to her for help was some comfort. She thought awhile.

“Can she not wait till the movement is successful? Then you can marry her openly.”

“It is I who do not wish to wait. I love her — I want her to be mine at once. You do not know what love is, Malkhatoun, or you would not ask.”

The girl smiled. He did not know the greater love which could wait and serve. But he had come to her for help and she must give it to him. She was surprised how rapidly and clearly she could think.

“It is risky — but it can be done. I can buy her as a slave and bring her here. I will make a home for your wife and guard her for you. Of course you could not see her as often as you would like; but she would be yours.”

Orkhan kneeled and kissed the hem of the girl's gown.

“I knew you would help me, Malkhatoun. How soon can you make the arrangements? What is your idea of the way you will buy her?”

“In a few days Miriam Kalfa is going to the Bulgarian frontier, where a number of Bulgarian, Montenegrin, and Servian girls will be brought to her for selection. She is to buy a considerable number, both for the Palace and for some of our houses. The Sultan gave me a sum of money ten days ago. I shall ask permission to buy a slave. That slave could be she.”

“But she could not pass for any of the women of the Balkans. Her golden hair and blue eyes are Anglo-Saxon. She walks with the gait of a free nation. One could not imagine her a slave, any more than one could imagine the dazzling snow-capped peak of a mountain subject to the yoke of the husbandman. She is a woman different from our women. Her bearing is nobler, she —” and again Orkhan lost himself in the remembrance of her whom he loved. Malkhatoun shaded her face with her hand to hide from Orkhan her agony. But she felt that her hand trembled, and by a superhuman effort she mastered herself and met his eyes.

“You must let me have time to think, cousin. You may leave me now, for every minute that you stay here is dangerous for you. When I arrive at a plan I will let you know. And pray be careful of your movements. Remember that much depends on you.”

“I have a talisman which keeps me safe,” Orkhan said, laughing.

“And what is that?”

“Princess Leila’s love for me.”

Malkhatoun shook her head.

“Don’t count on that, Orkhan. If she ever discovers your love for another woman, woe to you and to her. A love like Leila’s is fiercest brother to hatred, — and she will be unmerciful when she hates. And now, pray go, cousin, and let me think.”

When Orkhan was gone, Malkhatoun fell face downward on the couch. The effort she had made to disguise her feelings in his presence had exhausted her. She wept like a child, but even in her misery she was saying to herself: —

“He came to me — to ask me to give him his happiness. And I shall give it to him; yes, *I* shall give it to him.”

She brought the ring with the yellow stone fervently to her lips.

“And after I have done for him all that I can, then you, little drop, will come to give me rest from sorrow.”

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### THE MESSAGE OF THE CYPRESS TREES

**T**HE red disk of the sun had just disappeared behind the hills of the Bosphorus, leaving the world bathed in an afterglow of yellow light. As if his departure liberated the breezes, they came rushing in from the surrounding seas, and Constantinople breathed again. One could almost hear her sigh. The blanket of heat which had enveloped her all day long was lifted, and the children of the inland winds, traveling over hill and meadow, were caressing and soothing her scorched brow.

“They are coming!” cried Elpis; “the winds are coming! Don’t you feel them, dear? There is life again in the air.”

The two girls had been lying on long canvas chairs under a venerable oak tree. Millicent raised herself from her reclining posture to a sitting one, and extended her arms toward the river to feel the coming coolness better.

“It has been a horrible day, Elpis. It has taken all my strength and vitality.”

A softness had come over the American girl in the last few days. In her eyes there was that pathetic look one sometimes sees in dogs, as if at the dumbness

which will not let them put their love into words. She was a changed Millicent: her self-confidence was gone, and when one loses self-confidence, the earth on which one has stood with such assurance loses its solidity.

In her gentler state she was more lovable. When Elpis spoke to her she gave to her voice all the tenderness she felt, as if afraid of hurting her by the slightest hard sound.

Elpis leaned over and put her hand caressingly on Millicent's arm.

"Yes, dear, it has been very hot, and it is only the fifth day. For two months there will be oppressive heat in the daytime, coolness after sunset. I believe that in July and August Vulcan transfers his forges and his cyclops from the regions below, not to Mount Etna, but here on the hills around Constantinople. I can feel the heat of his furnaces and hear the noise of his anvils. Still the gods of Olympus are good to give us cool nights."

"I understand now," Millicent moaned, "why people become enervated here. The heat consumes their energy and burns up their ambition."

"Perhaps. Even the Turks are no longer the warlike race they once were. It only took a few generations here for the sultans no longer to lead their troops in battle; and the *askirs* came back from war defeated."

Elpis often led the conversation around to the Turks

— hoping that Millicent might speak. But the American girl never spoke. She kept her secret to herself; and if it gnawed at her heart, and gave the pathetic look to her eyes, she at least thought that no one knew of it.

The winds now were bolder. The air had become cleared, vivified.

Millicent rose from her chair.

“I think I shall go for a walk. I don’t believe in giving in to the climate.”

“Would you like me to go with you?”

“No. I am a poor companion to-day. Perhaps it would do me good to walk alone.”

“Yes, I think it would. Only take a wrap with you. You know there is treachery in these cooling winds.”

“No, I don’t want anything.”

“Then put a scarf over your head. It is not proper here to go bareheaded.”

Elpis jumped up and went into the house, and returned with a black scarf embroidered with silver stars. Affectionately she arranged it over Millicent’s hair, and fastened it on top with a half-moon of gold.

“What an adorable picture you make, Millicent, all in white, and now that black over your hair. You look like Diana — not the Diana who asked for celibacy, but Diana, who perhaps in her tramps in the woods met a mortal and loved him.”

"Only Diana never did, you know," Millicent replied lightly, yet averting her face.

"Well, good-bye," Elpis said, giving the other a pat. "Don't stay out too long."

As soon as her friend was lost to sight, the Greek girl clapped her hands. When she had gone in for the scarf, she had given an order, and now a man responded instantly to the signal. He was tall and soldierly. He held his Albanian cap in his hand, but his attitude was not that of a servant, but of an officer toward his queen.

Elpis pointed in the direction Millicent had gone.

"That way, Mitro, and as you are to see that nothing happens to her, she is not to know that you follow her."

The man gave a military salute, and without a word obeyed.

Elpis stood watching his catlike tread, which is characteristic of the Albanians, be they Greeks or Turks. They walk as if they are climbing the hills of their brave country to engage in guerrilla warfare.

"There is a man!" murmured Elpis. "He is brave and uncivilized — I wonder how many Turks he has killed, without being in the least troubled by their ghosts. If half the Greeks were like him, we should be masters here to-day."

With her hands behind her back she paced up and down, her thoughts again on Millicent.



“Be brave, child!” she whispered; “be brave! Don’t let the son of Aphrodite become your tyrant. How hard the fight comes to those Puritans — I suppose because all their suppressed generations of ancestors rise within them in rebellion. My poor Millicent! Will she come out of it unharmed?”

She leaned down and plucked a rose from its stem, and pulling off its petals, one by one, asked: “Will she? Will she not?”

Through a thick hedge of little pines a young Greek appeared.

“Will who, Miss Elpis?” he asked, an acute note of jealousy in his musical voice.

“Oh! is it you, Euripides? Welcome, my friend,” and Elpis held out her rose-scented hand to him.

Dropping on one knee, he bent his uncovered head and kissed her hand.

“About whom were you asking?” he repeated again jealously.

“If you were a more careful eavesdropper you would have heard me say, ‘Will *she*? Will *she* not?’ ”

Euripides Stellos made a slight grimace, even while perceptible relief showed in his eloquent black eyes.

“A woman! You are always thinking about women.”

Elpis clapped her hands, and to the old butler who appeared she said: —

“Bring us some *masticha*, some bread, olives, and

dried fish. And, Euripides, let's pull the chairs out in the open."

Even before the butler reappeared, Elpis's old nurse came out and covered her with a bournous. She took her seat at some little distance from the girl she had nursed. She could not hear the conversation, but she could keep an eye on her darling. Calypso, like Mitro, was primitive.

"Why do you always think of women?" the young man demanded.

"I find them more interesting, for one thing."

"And for another?"

"More capable of aspirations."

"More capable of aspirations! And have I not been aspiring ever since you grew to be a woman?"

There was no mistaking the force of his feeling.

She felt sorry for him, yet a whimsical smile came to her lips.

"I mean 'aspiration' to help humanity — not to get something for one's self."

"But when one begins to aspire, one first aspires for one's self, and then for others. When *you* fill my heart and my soul and my mind, how can I think of 'humanity'? Surely if one's home were on fire, one could not think of his neighbor's house. Elpis, I love you — you know I have loved you for the last five years. I have waited, dreamed, hoped that some day you would be mine. Will you never learn to love me, Elpis?"

The girl stretched her hand over the back of her chair and plucked a rose from a bush. She brought it to her face and inhaled its perfume, slowly, deliberately.

The young man watched her, worship in his eyes; but his attitude was that of a falconer.

"I like you, Euripides, but I do *not* wish to marry you."

"But why? why? why?" cried the young man. "I am of your class; I am young; and Niko approves of me."

"And you are a good boy — rich and handsome."

"Well, my money does not count. You have much yourself."

"Yes, it does; for no one could accuse you of marrying me for my money."

There was mockery in her voice.

"Elpis! Could any one, who knows you, think of anything else except you yourself? I love you!" he cried again, as if the constant repetition of his plea would at last reach her heart.

But she only shook her head. She knew that there were many girls, less fortunate than herself, who had to marry, in order to live. And she felt thankful for her riches, which made it possible for her to choose whether to accept a suitor or not.

From the tray which the butler brought her she took a small decanter, and pouring a little of its contents

into a glass, she filled it up with water and presented it to her guest. She prepared another glassful for herself, and held it up to the light and watched its opalescent colors. The butler placed his tray on a stool and went away.

The girl touched the *masticha* with her lips, and inhaled its aromatic flavor.

"What an infantile drink!" she said. "It is indeed the emblem of our race."

"You do not call our race infantile, Elpis?" the young man protested.

"Not infantile in the sense of being on the threshold of life, because that contains a future, and is rich in promise. But infantile of the second kind, which has no other hope but the grave and oblivion. My dear Euripides, there was a time when the Greek youths did not pine away for love. They accomplished deeds which made their fatherland immortal. In this way they won the love of the maidens."

"Those were other times," said he rather feebly.

"And what has changed the times?" Elpis cried passionately. "Surely there are as great deeds to-day waiting to be done as those accomplished by former youths. It is the men who have changed, not the times. Listen, the air is filled with the call for our youths. Listen!"

Elpis leaned forward, her forefinger raised, her lips parted, her head half turned, like some young priest-

ess who hears the call of the gods. And breathless under her spell, Euripides also strained his ears for the call.

But the only sound that came to him was the sighing of the wind.

"It is the cypress trees," he said. "The wind is blowing through them."

In a rapt voice, like that of the ancient vestals of the Oracles, she replied: —

"It is the cypress trees, Euripides, but they are delivering a message. Listen! Don't you hear? The souls of the great dead Greeks are speaking. Listen! Don't you hear? — 'Rise, slave Greeks, rise!' they say."

A pallor overspread the features of Euripides Stellos. A heaving sigh raised his chest. Voices mute till then whispered half-forgotten patriotic songs. Something immortal stirred within his self-indulgent soul. For the moment he, too, was a hero.

"What can we do? What must we do? We are but a downtrodden race."

"We are that because we deserve it. We have intelligence enough, patriotism enough: what we lack is will, courage, and clean living on the part of our men. Let us wake up, Euripides. Let us throw off the Musulman yoke. We have worn it too long. We were conquered by others before; but they passed off the face of the earth — and we still live. Race after race has

vanished — and we remain because those who first gave us life intermarried with the gods.”

“Yes — and once we did succeed against the Turks,” he put in eagerly, “succeeded with small irregular bands, against an army stronger than it is now.”

“But what have we done since we wrenched back that small part of our old empire? Better never have succeeded than have shown the world how little worthy of freedom we were. What have we done in that free Greece in the almost hundred years of its freedom? Look at our government! Look at our army! Think of the war of 1897. What a disgrace it was!”

“But surely, Elpis, you know that we were betrayed. The King made war because the Greeks forced him to; but secretly he was keeping his promise to the Powers that there should be no fighting. The army marched out, but the only order his son commanding it ever gave was, *Retreat!* — always *Retreat!* ”

“And if the head of our army was the son of the son of a Danish king, were not the officers Greeks? Why did they not kill their dishonorable prince and fight — fight till they had won, or were dead? After that war, we might have cried, ‘All is lost — except the army!’ ”

The young man hung his head.

Elpis continued: “There are millions of Greeks liv-

ing to-day, who are proud to call themselves Hellenes. What are they doing for Hellas? Either they misspend their youth, or they devote it solely to moneymaking. Ah! yes, we are always rich, wherever we are. We used to intermarry with the gods of Olympus. Now the only god whose blood flows in our veins is that of Mammon."

"Hullo, Elpis! Hullo, Euripides!" cried Niko Paparhopoulos, coming toward them.

He became conscious of something unusual in the atmosphere, and looked affectionately at the young man, who was his favorite suitor for the hand of his sister. Had it come at last, he thought to himself? Had the citadel fallen? Aloud he said: —

"Sis, you look like a priestess of the Temple of Love. Are you about to unbolt its doors?"

"I am only a mortal standing outside that temple's door. It is a force from within which must open it."

"What were you talking about?"

"We were only listening to the words of the cypress trees."

"And they were saying?"

"I think they have become mundane and frivolous, brother, those ancient cypresses. And they were singing the song of our old cynical bard: 'Enjoy! Enjoy life, while there is time; for time flies fast.'"

## CHAPTER XXIX

THERE IS NO GOD BUT GOD

MILLICENT walked away rapidly from the Paparighopoulos grounds. Her mind was filled with fear. Fate had taken a hand in the game and was forcing her to stay here where she might again meet the man she most dreaded meeting. Yet this was not the fear which oppressed her: it was terror at the rejoicing in her own heart that she was forced to stay.

The days had grown hotter and longer. In the cool of the evening her hosts took her to see everything that was interesting in Constantinople. They told her bits of its history when it had been Byzantium, or the Eastern Empire, and of the outrages it had suffered under the short rapacious sway of the Crusaders and again after it had fallen under the Turkish yoke.

Millicent gave her attention, and tried to give her interest. She tried to appear the mentally alert girl she had always been; but inwardly she was possessed by a strange passion, which made her every day more fearful of herself.

To Elpis, Millicent never spoke of Orkhan, and the Greek girl, obeying the unexpressed wish of her guest, did not mention him, although she often led



the conversation to subjects that would have made it natural to speak of him. She hoped that Millicent would confide in her, and receive the comfort which comes from giving utterance to our troubles; but Millicent never spoke. To herself she fiercely declared that she would be the conqueror of herself, no matter how severe the battle might be. Yet as time passed, she did not grow more confident. Indeed, she found herself incapable of thinking of anything except Orkhan. At times she even gave herself up willingly to the intoxicating memory of the few moments when nothing had mattered except the fact that she loved him. She grew thinner and paler, and did not carry her head with its former independent bearing. She became humbler from her repeated failures to be mistress of herself and of her thoughts. After each defeat she gathered her forces together with dogged courage, only to suffer defeat, again and again.

Environment, atmospheric and social, had much to do with this. In Turkey the climate in summer forbids wholesome exercise, and the ruling race looks upon love as the one great element in life. This attitude seems to be in the very air. The Greek women whom she met at the Paparighopoulos villa, and those she met outside with Elpis, seemed to have but one thought — love. Poor Millicent was never permitted to forget this great force for a single day. Had she been in her own country, where men and women live

a less sensuous, a more intellectual and out-of-door life, and where even the greatest heat is not so devoid of a bracing quality, she would probably have found her struggle less tragic, more commonplace and human. Now, in her overwrought condition, she thought too much about her heart and the primeval demands of life.

Orkhan Effendi had not come to the house since the fateful day when he had kissed her and set her heart on fire. Yet every step she heard filled her with apprehension, lest it should be his — and each time that it was not, cold disappointment took the place of apprehension. Sometimes she told herself that she wished to see him, to prove to herself that she would be strong in his presence. Again she entertained no doubts but that she was in love with Orkhan the Turk. But how much was that love to rule her life?

“When you will send for me I will come,” he had said, certain that she would send for him. Now, as she walked up the picturesque hills of the Bosphorus, she flushed with indignation at the supposition that she, Millicent Grey, should send for him to come. His arrogant assumption filled her with rage.

She made an effort to change the current of her thoughts, to think of the things about her. She forced her attention to the wild flowers growing by the roadside. She stooped and picked a kind of bluebell, and another of an exquisite pale green, — fashioned as

delicately as if Nature were producing only this one masterpiece, and not bringing out millions of them. The freshness of the evening wind, the exercise, the peace which reigned over the woods, and the touch of flowers took away in a measure the fierceness of Milli-cent's mood. A sense of happiness stole over her, and she viewed her love for Orkhan with more tolerance. Was it really so horrid as she made it out? He was a Turk, it is true, but every one said he was a fine man, and he loved her as much as she loved him.

She abandoned herself again to the memory of those few minutes in which she had been a mere woman, answering the call of her man. How utterly she had loved him during those few minutes! What if she were to seek more of that happiness? What if she were to become for all her life a mere woman, loving her man? What if she were to acknowledge herself conquered and marry Orkhan? The thought thrilled her: to be his wife; to live by his side year after year; she and he comrades at work and at play! The woman, now reigning, regarded the union as even high-minded. Would it not be the best thing for the work for which she had come here? By becoming the wife of Orkhan the Turk, she could come close to Turkish women, learn to understand them, and bring to them the aspirations she wished to bring.

In spite of the steep walking, she went faster, yet she could not walk fast enough to keep up with the

flying thoughts of her brain. At the summit she stopped and leaned against a tree, facing but not seeing the wonderful panorama of hills and water and city before her. The long twilight had spread its wings over the banks of the Bosphorus. The hills were tinted with the yellow, green, and pink of the afterglow. The minarets, slim and graceful, and ever aspiring to be the first at the feet of Allah, were beckoning to the girl. She breathed deeply, and gradually a peace descended upon her, and she ceased from her troubled thoughts.

On the top of a minaret a muezzin appeared to call the faithful to prayer. His voice carried sweet and melodious across the housetops and reached up even to Millicent. She listened. She knew what he was saying; for Elpis had explained the words to her: "There is no other god but God"; and a pang shot through the girl's heart. Of late she had learned to pray — not the prayers one says as a matter of course, remnant habit of childhood, but the prayers which the soul makes for itself in its need.

The young muezzin continued chanting "There is no god but God," but his words brought no comfort to Millicent. "One God!" she thought, "there must be millions of gods. Each of us has a god in him, which is his highest ideal; and this god clashes with all the other gods."

While she thought of gods and of men, the yellow light little by little was succeeded by a soft gray,

which hung over the landscape like a light mist, messenger of the approach of night.

Reluctantly Millicent started down. Already she had stayed longer than she ought. Halfway down the hill was a grove of young cypress trees. When she reached it, the caprice took her to go through it, although Elpis had cautioned her against these groves, so innocent in appearance, yet so dangerous after nightfall. Millicent was in no mood for caution. She plunged straight into the grove. The slender summits of the cypresses at once shut her off from outside view. It was darker here, and a foreboding came over her. Her pride would not let her turn back, but she walked on as fast as she could through the thick trees.

Presently she thought she heard footsteps. She hurried on, anxious to reach a clearing which she knew to be not far away. She was sure now that some one was following her. At this instant her scarf caught on one of the trees.

## CHAPTER XXX

“AND THE STARS BE OUR WITNESS”

SHE had to stop to disentangle herself, and heard her pursuer forcing his way through the cypresses only a few yards away. Facing around, she waited. Whoever it was she preferred meeting him to the terrors of the unknown.

An instant later she made out, through the dusk, the figure of Orkhan Effendi. A mad joy at sight of him was her first feeling — even stronger than the feeling of relief. Then she turned and ran off as fast as she could.

His voice called after her: “Do not be afraid, Millicent. It is I, Orkhan.”

She stopped, ashamed of herself, and glad that he had mistaken her fright. As he approached, all other feelings died out of her except simple happiness at being near him.

“Did I frighten you?” he asked.

She nodded.

“You know,” he said, in the tone of a grown person speaking to a child, “you ought not to come into this grove by yourself. It is not safe.”

She did not reply. She was half leaning against a cypress, and trembling like a frightened child.

He held out his arms to her. She did not move. He waited an instant; then, dropping his arms, took one of her hands in his, and began to tell her what his love for her meant to him. His words, mingling with the aroma of the cypresses, seemed to penetrate her very soul. Her hand was lying unresisting in his, and the intoxication of surrender was upon her. His very gentleness added to his power. His not attempting to kiss her, or to take her in his arms, made her grateful to him; for she was fully conscious of how little she could resist him. He led her out of the grove, to the bank of the river, flowing far below them. There he turned and took one of her hands in each of his.

“Millicent,” he said, “I take you to be mine, and the stars above and the river below are our witnesses. Henceforth you belong to me and to me alone.”

The tone of the man-master grated on the mood of surrender in which she had been. She pushed him gently from her.

“You say that I love you, and it is true that there is one side of me which longs for nothing except to be yours, but —”

“But that is the true womanly side!” he exclaimed, interrupting her; and in spite of the tense emotion which held them both, Millicent could not help smiling at the absolute conviction in his voice.

“And the other side of me,” she asked, — perhaps with the hope that he would succeed in convincing

her, — “the persistent, ‘unwomanly side,’ which bids me not to mate with a man of another faith and other ideals than mine?”

“But the woman always gives up all to follow the man she loves,” he cried eagerly.

“Yes, if she follows her instincts blindly. Oh, Orkhan, I cannot do that.”

Her scruples seemed very little things to the Turk. With a wave of his hand he brushed them away.

“Queen of my hours, why waste time in profitless discussion, like a musty lawyer in a court? Allah gives us this chance to be happy. Let us marry and think no more of the petty differences between us.”

“Oh! cannot I make you understand?” she wailed. “A part of me loves you; but another part refuses to accept this physical attraction as enough — unless there shall be other, more lasting sympathies to draw us together.” Earnestly she looked into his eyes. “Do you believe this love of ours would last long?”

“Everything endures so long as Allah ordains,” he answered solemnly.

His fatalism struck the wrong note in her. How easily fatalism could excuse anything which might come after. She glanced down at the dark Bosphorus below them. In some ways it was as if they stood on opposite sides of this, instead of on the same.

“To understand the gulf which lies between us,”



she went on, "I must tell you that my object in coming to your country was to help your women to free themselves from the bondage in which you Turkish men keep them."

"We do not keep them in bondage," he cried. "We only cherish them and guard them from all eyes except our own. They are our most precious possessions. We go to them like a lover, leaving the cares of the world behind, and seeking paradise at their side. We surround them with the best the world can give, and deny ourselves so that they may have more. It is not bondage, but a sanctuary we have created for them. Ah, my beloved, sultana of my soul, what is there more in the world than the love of a man and a woman! Do you not feel the love you have for me to be the strongest thing in you?"

Very slowly the girl nodded.

The man went on with triumphant eagerness:—

"In your country you have learned to think wrongly of us and our customs. They have taught you that there are other things in life besides love. But there is nothing! Love alone glorifies the world. Put all else aside, and come to me, my bride. Be one of our women and you shall know whether there is other happiness than loving and being loved."

He had again enthralled her, and when he held out his arms and drew her to him, she again forgot all except that they loved one another. She felt

that the battle was over, that he had won. Yes, she would marry him, and live for him — and for him alone.

“And now, let me hear you say that you will be my wife as soon as I can make a home for you,” he urged, as if divining her thoughts.

Although she had just said this to herself, she could not say it to him. The struggle was not entirely over, as she had thought — had hoped it was.

Very gently she drew away from him.

“Will you take me now to Elpis?”

“Tell me once that you love me.”

“Not yet,” she pleaded. “Be generous, and take me to Elpis now.”

“I shall never be anything except generous to you, Millicent,” he replied.

A short distance from the Paparighopoulos villa he left her. She found Elpis walking up and down outside the house, with her nurse.

The Greek girl rushed up to her.

“Oh! my dear one, how you have frightened me.”

She threw her arms around Millicent, but Millicent drew back from her.

“Wait till I speak with you, Elpis. — But now I must hurry. Have I time to dress for dinner?”

Elpis scanned her face anxiously.

“Yes, just time. Shall I come up with you?”

“No; please to wait till after dinner.”

She ran upstairs. The other watched her till she was out of sight, then turned to her nurse: —

“Tell Mitro to come to me as soon as he gets back. I shall be in the little den.”

A few minutes later, Mitro strode into the den, his Albanian hat in his hand, and saluted. Without waiting for his mistress to speak, he asked savagely: —

“Am I to allow her to be spoken to?”

Elpis considered for a moment; then with a shrug dismissed her scruples.

“Who spoke to her?”

“Orkhan Effendi. He took her in his arms — and she let him. He kissed her — she a Christian woman, and he a Turk!”

Mitro made the sign of the cross three times over his breast; but the light which burned in his eyes was lighted at the forge of the Devil, not at the altar of God.

“Am I to let him, Miss Elpis, or am I to kill him?” and as he spoke he put his hand to his Albanian girdle.

Elpis examined the pattern of the Persian rug for a few seconds; then raising her luminous brown eyes, answered slowly: —

“N-o-o, not yet.”

## CHAPTER XXXI

### THE ROCKET IN THE SKY

IT was late that night before the guests whom Righo had brought out with him went away. Millicent went to her room, where she might drop the conventional personality which had been talking, and laughing, and discussing all the evening, and become the human being, to think and to suffer.

Elpis was not long in coming to her. She found Millicent sitting by the window, fully dressed.

“Not yet in bed?” she exclaimed.

“No; I was waiting for you.”

The Greek girl came over and put her arm about her.

“What is it, dearest?” she asked.

“Elpis, if you found that you were in love with a Turk, would you marry him?”

Elpis showed no surprise at the abrupt question.

“I am a Greek, dear. There is a wide river which divides the Greeks from the Turks.”

“A river can be crossed.”

“Yes, an ordinary river; but that which flows between the Greeks and their Ottoman conquerors is a river of blood. Too many dead men, too many outraged women, too many slaughtered children lie at the bottom of that river. Were we ever to attempt to

cross it, it would rise up and engulf us. No, the Greeks and the Turks may live side by side, but intermarry willingly — never!”

A silence fell upon the two girls. Elpis took Millicent's hand and kissed it.

At that moment a rocket shot up into the heavens. At its zenith it burst into a mass of light, then sank downward with ever-lessening brilliancy, till it was lost again in the dark.

“How glorious it was — and now it is gone,” said Elpis softly. “It was like a great human emotion.”

Rocket after rocket illumined the night. The girls watched them without speaking, till the last was gone. Then Millicent said bravely: —

“Elpis, I do not understand what has come over me. I am no longer the same person I was when I left my country.”

“Is it Orkhan?” Elpis asked.

The other nodded.

“Are you going to marry him, Millicent dear?”

Millicent shuddered.

“I do not know. I do not want to — not now. *He* says I am — and with him I am powerless.”

Elpis had been furtively watching Millicent all the evening. She did not wish her to marry Orkhan; yet she feared lest any opposition would only give force to what she wished to kill. She was not without Greek diplomacy, and her language became Ulyssean.

“There are only two things for which we strive, Millicent: happiness, and our ideals. The one is real, the other we know can never be realized. If you are happy in your love for Orkhan, why not take it? Happiness is too precious to throw away, — and you are not a Greek girl: your race mixes without repugnance with all white races — and Orkhan is a glorious specimen of the Turk.”

“Would you marry Orkhan yourself, if you were not a Greek, and were in love with him?”

“I can never feel except as a Greek. If the love you have for Orkhan lifts you above everything else — take it. It may be worth even the sacrifice of ideals.”

“But it does not lift me above everything else. I am not even sure it is the best in me which loves him. Why do you not advise me?”

“Millicent dear, you must decide for yourself. Do not decide too quickly. There may be a long battle. When it is over, the battle-field will be strewn with dead, dead whose names will be Ideals — or Senses.”

The girls looked disconsolately out into the night, now lighted by the waning moon, just rising above the horizon. It was a slender moon, but not as it had been when a jaunty crescent. Time seemed to have worn it away.

“That moon looks as if it also had been through a battle, and had come out pretty well battered,” Millicent said.

Both girls laughed, and the laugh somehow helped Millicent.

“What if I were to go away to-morrow from Constantinople?” she suggested.

“A good plan for a coward — but you are no coward. If you go away while the battle wages, you may carry with you an incurable regret. Better stay and fight it out. If it is too strong for you, marry Orkhan and be a good wife to him. But fight out your battle fairly and squarely; only when it is finished, be magnanimous to the victor — and bury the vanquished. Now I am going to put you to bed, and remember, whatever happens, you will always have a little mother in me.”

After Elpis had tucked Millicent in her bed, as if she were a little child, she went into her own room and stood before the ikonostas, peopled with the ikons which had belonged to many generations of her family.

She remained erect, as the Greeks do when praying. She was quite aware that she was still half-pagan, yet in her need she always went and stood before these images of the saints and prayed to her Christian God.

Her prayer was long to-night, but it was not for herself or her people. She prayed for this other girl who had come into her life; and when she had finished, her heart felt lighter, as it must when one intrusts one's troubles to the great incomprehensible force which rules the universe.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### BEHIND HASSAN'S SHOP

IN one of the niches of the labyrinthian markets of Stamboul was a shop. Its owner, a Turk, was forever sitting cross-legged on his mat, smoking his *tchibouk* and playing with his string of amber beads. He looked the embodiment of contentment. His shop was filled with antiques — real, not shams. He was affable to his clients, and asked them three times the worth of each article. Then he spent pleasant hours wrestling over the price with them. When at last he parted with one of his antiques, he would hold it to his heart, would look at it, and sigh.

“Take it,” he would say to the customer, “and remember that I, Hassan the generous, gave it to you. You did not buy it — no, you did not buy it!”

It was a little shop, just big enough for Hassan and his antiques, with room for not more than three clients at a time. He preferred only one. Then he could concentrate himself on the glittering contest between mind and mind. The walls of the shop were covered with precious rugs, of colors as soft and delicate as a maiden's caresses. Small cases contained jewels, such as monarchs were wont to give to their favorites.

Hassan did not often travel to buy his goods. His



sources were mostly women. Frequently two veiled *hanoums*, on whose pallid faces traces of superb beauty were discernible, would come to Hassan. From their bosoms they would produce cases containing jewels as brilliant as their own eyes once had been. Hassan would take the cases and become lost in meditation. He knew the value of stones. He also knew the value of hesitation. He invariably offered one third the value of the stones, and paid in cash. It was more than any other jeweler in Stamboul would do, and Hassan prospered.

His little shop had an inner shop, where ostensibly he stored some of his wares; and there Hassan, the affable and apparently contented old Turk, was discontented. In consequence he had become a Young Turk, and the real use to which the inner shop was put was as a meeting-place for the leaders of the movement. From that inner shop they could pass into another shop on another street. The other shop was a creamery, where one could buy a plate of the most delicious *malebi* for five cents. It was kept by a brother of Hassan's, just as fat, and just as contented as he.

Few people knew that the creamery man and the man of the antiques knew each other. They were never seen speaking together. Born in the interior of Turkey, they had gone their different ways in childhood, and only five years before this had chanced to recognize their brotherhood from two rings which they

wore. At that time the brother was looking for a shop, and Hassan was searching for a faithful one to take this other shop. When he became assured of his brother's fidelity, he lent him the money to start the creamery, and initiated him into the Young Turks movement. The arrangement had worked admirably. One of the leaders of the Young Turks could go to Hassan, and another could enter the creamery, and without suspicion they could meet in Hassan's inner shop.

It was about noon, the hour when the markets are brimming with life. Orkhan was going from shop to shop in search of emeralds; for occasionally he did send presents to his fiancée, as custom demanded. He ended up at Hassan's. Two other clients were wrestling over a price. The antiquary motioned Orkhan to a seat, and placed before him the case of emeralds Orkhan asked for. When the other clients departed, — and this time Hassan did not wrestle so long as usual with them, — Orkhan rose, raised a rug on the rear wall, and disappeared behind it.

Four other Turks were already waiting for him. Orkhan sat down on a mat by them.

"I am here, to-day," he said, after the salutations, "because I promised Hakir Pasha to ask you your intentions in regard to Albania"; and he went on to deliver the message of the old Albanian.

The leaders received his words in silence. The oldest among them, whom they called Tselebi, "the lord," after a few seconds' pause, said mildly:—

"This is certain: just now we need Hakir Pasha's coöperation. We cannot afford to lose him."

Tselebi Effendi folded his hands across a comfortably broad expanse of waistcoat, and closed his eyes, as if he had fully answered Orkhan.

The latter was not satisfied.

"Can we accept his help unless we agree to his demands?" he asked.

The old man opened his eyes in surprise. He took off his fez and ran his bejeweled fingers through his hair.

"Dear Orkhan Effendi," he said mildly, "there is a proverb which says, 'You have to bow to the Devil, if you wish to cross his bridge.'"

"But may not his plan of a 'United States of Turkey' be feasible?" persisted Orkhan. "May it not even be the best way of reconciling the divers nationalities, and turning them into a single nation?"

Tselebi Effendi raised his hands toward the ceiling.

"May Allah be with us! But you do not mean that to reconstruct our country, you would really give equal rights to the people who have become our subjects because we are brave and they are cowards? You might as well say at once that a Christian is as good as you are."

As Orkhan stirred on his mat, he felt the Albanian girdle his mother had given him. Albania had always entered into his dreams; and although this was little more than sentimentality, sentimentality may be a strong force in a man's life.

"I thought that was what we were working for," he said, "that Mussulmans and Christians should have one fatherland, and be equals before the law."

"That is it exactly," assented the old Turk. "But it must be the Mussulman who apportions justice to the Christians. We mean to do our best by these people who are our subjects. We mean to give them their rights — only we shall have to decide what are their rights."

At this juncture Halil Bey entered the meeting.

"We are just discussing the problem of our Christian subjects," said Tselebi Effendi to him. "What a pity it is that there is a problem. If the Conqueror had only taken every Christian woman and given her to a faithful soldier, what a lot of trouble it would have saved us now."

"What the Conqueror omitted to do we may still accomplish," Halil Bey answered. "We may not be able to do it in the same way; but there are other ways."

"And Europe?" asked Orkhan.

"If we are successful, we need not trouble about Europe," Halil Bey replied. "They may even go so

far as to give us their help in quieting internal dissensions. Don't forget that it was *European* warships which bombarded Crete for us a few years ago."

Several of the Turks laughed; but Tselebi Effendi, seeing that Orkhan was still unconvinced, went on to explain patiently: —

"I am afraid, Orkhan Effendi, that you do not yet see matters entirely as we do. But just suppose that we hold an election, — as under the Constitution we shall have to do, — and suppose that the Christians outvote us. Would you let them make laws for *us*?"

"Does the lion obey the crowing of three — or thirty — cocks?" asked Halil Bey scornfully.

Orkhan was becoming won over to the view held by the majority. In spite of the trace of Albanian blood in him, he was essentially an Ottoman, with the fierce pride in his race, and implicit belief in its superiority.

"What, then, shall I tell Hakir Pasha?" he asked.

"You need not see him yourself. We will give him an answer that will suit him. Much good will it do him afterwards. We shall do the same with the Cretan Stavropoulos. He guarantees to raise fifty thousand pounds under the condition that Crete shall be annexed to Greece as soon as the Constitution is proclaimed. Give them Crete!" Tselebi Effendi snorted.

"But we need the money to help mobilize the army."

"When will Stavropoulos pay the money?" asked one of the others. "Don't trust the Greeks, you know."

"It is being raised now among them. We are promised it in less than a month."

"How much have the Armenians given so far?"

"Only half a million, but another half is promised."

"And what is it *they* are asking?" inquired the youngest of the leaders.

Halil Bey laughed till the tears came into his eyes.

"An Armenian kingdom and an Armenian king," he gasped through his merriment. "As if they were good for anything except to cheat in business."

"We need have no scruples in accepting the money of the Greeks and the Armenians," said Tselebi Effendi. "They get it out of our pockets, and we might as well get back as much of it as we can."

Orkhan Effendi was the first to leave the meeting. He went out into the little creamery shop, sat down beside a water-carrier, and ate a plate of *malebi*.

"Bad times," said the carrier, saluting.

"Very bad," agreed Orkhan. "But I hear that Allah is planning to send a blessing to our country shortly, and that the army is to be the instrument of Allah."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the water-carrier. "How did you come by such news?"

"The news is traveling fast through the Prophet's land. Good times are coming to our country."

"Inshallah! Inshallah!" said the water-carrier.

Orkhan finished his *malebi*, and scanned the face of the man. He rose, paid his pennies, and then, leaning over, said in an undertone: —

“When the army comes, Allah wishes every faithful Turk to be with it”; and before the water-carrier could ask more, he was out of the shop.

Orkhan walked leisurely through the crowded streets of the market, wondering what Tselebi Effendi would tell Hakir Pasha, and how he would take it. At the foot of the Bridge of Galata he stopped and looked at the wonderful scene about him. “Allah has been very generous to mankind,” he thought. “We ought really to love one another as brothers, no matter what race we may happen to be.” He thought of Millicent, and took it as a sign of his tolerance that he loved a Christian woman so dearly. He leaned upon the railing of the bridge, feasting his eyes on the loveliness before him, and a wondrous sense of peace came upon him.

From the other end of the bridge a man was approaching. He was a fat and stocky Armenian — the one who had annoyed Millicent. He did not notice the Turk until he was almost upon him. He stopped, hate and fear distorting his features.

As if feeling his presence, Orkhan turned slowly around, and the Armenian scuttled away like a frightened rabbit.

Orkhan watched him disappear, a frown slowly

gathering on his face. "No, I could not love the Armenians as brothers," he thought.

For a long time after the Armenian had gone, the Turk remained where he was, seemingly absorbed in the scenery, in reality thinking over what the leaders had said, and the problems which Turkey, under a constitution, would have to face.

At length he gave a vigorous shake of his head, as if throwing off the remnants of the sentimental ideas he once had entertained.

"No, the Turks must predominate. So must the Turkish religion and the Turkish language."

With resolute strides he walked down to the bridge, and boarded the steamer for his home.

That night he took from his waist the Albanian belt his mother had girded on him. He did not hesitate, neither did he stop to think long of the women who had embroidered it. From a cupboard he brought a can of kerosene, saturated the belt, and set it on fire.

When there remained only a charred fragment, he exclaimed: —

"Yes, the Turks and the Turks alone must rule here."



## CHAPTER XXXIII

### WHERE ELPIS REMAINS SILENT

MARRIAGE is the greatest thing in the lives of men and women only when it brings out the best in them — helps them to realize, in a measure, their ideals. When it is the mere wild passion of man and woman, it is only suited to times of wildness and passion. If the man must ride forth to battle every day, and his mate always fears lest he will not return, then this love may last — till he is killed.

Under civilized conditions, a civilized love is necessary to endure, and that must be a love of the brain and soul, as well as of the heart. The primeval love is for primeval conditions.

These were the thoughts of Elpis, as she sat in her room, thinking hard if there might not be some way in which she could help Millicent in this struggle of hers on which her whole future life depended. Elpis did not believe with her brother that her friend could be happy with a Turk, no matter how much he might fascinate her temporarily. There were too great differences in all their views about life, and the things which made life worth while. Millicent was not of the primeval cast of mind and feeling, and Elpis knew that

she could not be happy immured in the walls of a harem. From what she had read of Americans, Elpis judged that both the man and the woman entered so largely into each other's lives that there must be — even more than with Europeans — a broad basis of mutual sympathy and common aspiration in a union, to make for lasting happiness.

Once Elpis had liked Orkhan Effendi. Now she hated him with the intense hatred of the Greeks, which is *patroparathaton*.

“I may have to have recourse to Mitro's belt after all,” she mused. “But perhaps if she were to see more of him — a great deal of him; if he were to become more commonplace to her, a sort of everyday man instead of the romantic figure he now appears, she might feel this fundamental difference between them, and be repelled by it.”

At any rate, it was the only thing Elpis could think of, and she sent at once for Mitro.

“Mitro, I want you to go to Orkhan Effendi's. If he is out, wait until he returns, and ask him to come here this afternoon, or this evening.”

Mitro did not move. His attitude was all respect, but having seen Elpis grow up he assumed the right to protect and defend her. If her brother was lax, all the more reason that he, Mitro, should be stern.

“You may go now,” Elpis said.

Mitro twisted his Albanian cap in his hands, but

still made no move. Raising his eyes to those of the girl, he said: —

“Miss Elpis, a Turk who crosses a Greek’s threshold brings dishonor to the house.”

“It is a great necessity which forces me to send for him. If I need your help otherwise, I will ask for it.”

“I would rather kill him anyhow,” the Albanian said fiercely, “than carry him a message of this kind.”

“If you do not wish to take the message, I can send Thenasy with it.”

“Thenasy is a good soul, but he is only a servant. It must never be repeated that the daughter of the Paparighopoulos sent such a message to a Turk.”

“That is why I wanted you to take it; and that is also why I send it by word of mouth.”

“I go. But will he have to come here often?”

“Several times, I think.”

The Albanian turned away. There was that air of decision to his back, however, which caused Elpis to call him to her.

“Mitro, no accident must happen to Orkhan Effendi just now.”

The Albanian Greek did not reply.

“Mitro! I have my plans, and I don’t want them upset. Will you swear to me obedience?”

He pondered for a minute; then unburdened his mind.

“Mistress, he has cast a spell over the girl. The only way to break it is to kill him.”

Knowing the hold superstition had on people like Mitro, Elpis answered: —

“He *has* cast a spell over her, and it is of the kind that if he dies, she will never recover from it. That is why I want you to let him alone. We will cure her of it, you and I.”

Mitro smiled now, content that she shared his views and confident both in her powers and in his own.

“She is so pretty, Miss Elpis, and so good and gracious. When she first came here, she held her head as erect as a new tombstone. Now she droops like a thirsty plant.”

“You and I will help her to carry her head proudly again — and that day will be a gala one for us.”

She held out her hand to him. He did not presume to touch it. Instead, he stooped and kissed the hem of her dress.

At sunset Elpis and Millicent were seated on an upper terrace, when they saw Orkhan coming up to the house.

“Oh, here is Orkhan Effendi,” said Elpis innocently. “You will come down to see him.”

Without waiting for a reply she went to greet her guest.

“You need not mention that I sent for you,” she said to the Turk.

Orkhan smiled at the Greek girl, confident that she was his ally.

When Millicent joined them, Elpis left the two together, in a perfectly matter-of-fact way. She went up to her own room, and there picked up a piece of sewing and worked away on it as if her life depended on finishing it.

Orkhan stayed a half-hour — an hour — an hour and a half. An interminable time it seemed to the seamstress. She saw them walking together in the garden, the man erect, triumphant; the girl drooping, yielding.

Elpis dropped her sewing in her lap and watched them. From the lovely American girl, she looked to the magnificent specimen of manhood at her side, and shook her head.

“No, I do not blame her,” she murmured; “but I wish she were a Greek.”

When Orkhan went away, Millicent slowly came up to Elpis’s room, and sank into a chair. For some time she said nothing, and the other was again absorbed in her sewing.

“It is no use,” Millicent said at length, as if to herself.

“Have you promised?” Elpis asked quietly.

“N-n-o. Even now I could not quite bring myself to promise what he wanted.”

“What was that?”

“To go to the frontier and be sold to his cousin, Malkhatoun. And he felt hurt that I was reluctant *to be sold as a slave*, in order to become his.”

Millicent gave a dreary little laugh.

Elpis made no comment. She kept on sewing, taking large vicious stitches that she knew would have to come out again. She was glad when the needle went deep into her forefinger.

“Is it true, as he says, that love is everything in this life, and that nothing else matters? I used to think there were so many other things that mattered too.”

Deliberately Elpis stuck her needle twice more into her finger. Then she put the finger in her mouth.

“He says — he made me think,” Millicent went on, “that even a year of love is worth all else — is worth a lifetime of all that life has thus far held for me.”

“Would he give up his Young Turks movement for you — for a year of your love?” Elpis asked.

“He says that he has thought of nothing except me, ever since he has known he loved me. And then he sees things so differently for men and for women. I am to be kept for his eyes alone, after I am married. I shall not see any of my friends—men, I mean. I shall be his precious possession, from whom he will keep all worry and trouble and strife. I had meant to be a part of the world, but he says that the world must never enter the garden of flowers where I shall live.”

Elpis, with great self-control, threaded another needle.

“And exactly what answer did you make to him?”

“I asked for a few more days to think. I cannot think when he is there. He says I ought not to think — that it is a woman’s place to love and not to think. Oh yes, I know how funny it sounds — now. Even when he said it, I knew it — only I could not seem to feel it then. Elpis,” she asked piteously, “what is this force which seems to rout all the forces of my mind and character?”

But Elpis only laid down her sewing and gathered Millicent into her tender arms, and drew her down upon her bosom. And while the American girl kneeled before her and cried, Elpis petted and kissed her, but did not try to answer her.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### A HOURI

**O**RKHAN EFFENDI was distinctly irritated by Millicent's refusal to accept his plans for her. They seemed so simple and feasible to him. The more he thought of it, the less he liked it. An anger rose in his heart which clouded his love for her. He felt antagonistic toward her, though he tried to excuse her attitude by blaming her bringing-up, that American bringing-up which made women unnatural. He was conscious that Millicent was still struggling against his love, and he was impatient for the time when she should be entirely dependent on him and subservient to his will. But how was that to be brought about, with her unreasonableness in the matter of being sold as a slave?

Instinctively he turned his steps toward the palace where Malkhatoun, his cousin, lived. She would help him to think of some other scheme. It was late in the afternoon when he reached the kiosk of his nurse. He told her that he must see his cousin again.

"You will bring death upon us all," the old dame cried, throwing her hands toward heaven. "I should not mind dying, my lion, if you were spared; but I cannot work toward your destruction."



But Orkhan was a charmer, and she worshiped him with extravagant Oriental devotion. They were not empty words, that she was willing to die for him.

“Yet perhaps I can manage it this time,” she went on, as she detected the deep air of disappointment which he put on, and thus it came about that once more Orkhan, in his disguise, entered the household of Malkhatoun.

The young girl had grown more ethereal and exquisite under the suffering she was enduring. Her eyes had become larger and darker from much weeping, and there was a pathos about her face which enhanced its loveliness more than the finest jewels or lace could have done. She received Orkhan with dignity and sweetness, although she knew he would only torture her heart a little more.

She had hardly taken her seat before Orkhan burst forth: —

“She is not willing to go to the frontier.”

As he uttered the words, he felt a humiliation greater even than he had felt when alone.

Malkhatoun divined this, and hastened to say: —

“It is because she does not know Turkey. She is afraid of our customs.”

“Perhaps; but what shall I do now?”

Malkhatoun lost herself in thought, and Orkhan grew more hopeful. She inspired him with confidence, and near her he became like a child in the presence of

a mother, who always finds some means, when all looks desperate. As he sat waiting for the result of her deliberations, his eyes were on her delicate face, and for the first time he became conscious of her wondrous beauty. It enchanted and touched him. She appeared to him suddenly like a marvelous garden which had been hidden from view, and the door of which now had been left open. No wonder Malkhatoun had been able to gain the adherence of the most opposed old Turks to the new movement. Now, if she would only go to see Millicent, she could not fail to win her consent to their plans.

“Malkhatoun!” he cried, breaking in on her thoughts, “if Millicent were to know you, she would lose her fear of being sold to you as a slave. She would love you, and come willingly to the Palace. Could you arrange to go and see her at the Paparighopoulos? You know Miss Elpis.”

Malkhatoun brought her far-away look back to the man she loved.

“You wish *me* to see her, and to persuade her to become your wife?” she asked slowly.

“Yes!”

“But if she has resisted *you*, the man she loves, of what avail could I be?”

“Because you are a wonderful little person; because your beauty captivates, and your personality convinces.”

Orkhan spoke with a tremor in his voice. This Malkhatoun he was discovering stirred him strangely, and he did not know how to express his feelings.

“I did not know you had even noticed I was pretty.”

“Pretty!” he exclaimed scornfully. “Pretty is too small a word for you. You are meant to be a houri of paradise.”

She smiled sadly.

“Paradise is so remote — and I can only go there after I am dead.”

“You must not talk of death. You are not going to die. You are meant for love and joy on this earth”; and with the words a chill came into his heart at the thought that her happiness would be given to her by some other man.

She laughed.

“No, I will not die before I have helped you. Very well, cousin, since you want me to, I will go to her and try to make her do as you wish. And if I succeed, it will be enough for me that I have helped you to achieve that which you so greatly desire.”

Her last words ended almost brokenly, and the cloud of suffering descended upon her eyes and her lips.

Orkhan rose to his feet, with an emotion he did not try to define.

“You are very good to me,” he stammered.

“Never hesitate to come to me when you need help. The more difficult the task, the more reason why you should come to me.”

She went out of the room; but he lingered, unwilling to go, hoping that she would return, longing to hear her voice again. But only a slave appeared, to conduct him out of the house.

## CHAPTER XXXV

THE GIRL FROM THE EAST AND THE GIRL FROM THE WEST

**T**HE shutters of the Papparighopoulos villa were tightly closed against the heat of the sun. The awnings over the terraces extended their protecting canvases about the house. The waters of the fountains in the garden and in the hall were whispering of coolness, while a man was sprinkling more water on all the lanes leading from the house.

Millicent in her darkened room was lying on a long wicker chair, pretending to rest, but occupied with thoughts which were bad company for hot weather.

A knock at the door startled her. Of late she had become nervous.

The knock was repeated.

"Come in," she said reluctantly.

The French maid appeared.

"Mademoiselle Elpis begs mademoiselle to render herself to the large drawing-room."

Millicent's first impulse was to excuse herself; but she had several times been so peevish with Elpis of late that she reconsidered this decision. Unwillingly she rose, and went down to the formal drawing-room, which was kept even darker than the rest of the house. On the threshold she stopped and peered in, wonder-

ing why Elpis had sent for her here at this time of the day.

“Are you here, Elpis?” she asked.

She received no answer; yet she was conscious of life within the room.

“Are you here?” she repeated again.

Gradually from the darkness emerged the presence of two tall eunuchs, standing within, on either side of the door. They were so black that hardly more than the whites of their eyes were to be distinguished.

Frightened, Millicent started back, when from the middle of the room she heard some one say: —

“Come forward, Miss Melisande Grey.”

It was the musical and vibrant voice of a woman, and it dispelled her apprehensions. And as the pupils of her eyes adjusted themselves to the gloom, she perceived a girl, younger than herself, sitting on a low chair, and dressed in a loose yellow garment, like the tunics which the women of ancient Rome wore. Her dark hair was fantastically arranged with what seemed to be a golden crown. At her feet crouched several attendants.

Millicent had taken a few hesitating steps into the room when the girl again half asked, half asserted: —

“You are Miss Melisande Grey?”

“Yes.”

“I am very glad to see you. Will you come nearer?”

When Millicent had approached within arm's length of the other, she reached out an exquisite hand and drew her still nearer.

"Kneel down before me, that I may see your face well."

Under other circumstances it would not have occurred to the American girl to obey this extraordinary request. Here, somehow, it seemed the only thing to do.

The strange girl, with a slight gesture, said something in Turkish, and an attendant partially opened a shutter to let more light fall on the kneeling American. Intently the girl in the yellow gown scrutinized Millicent. She studied her as she might had she been a rare painting which she contemplated buying, but of whose authenticity she was in doubt. With a touch as light as a butterfly's the tips of her fingers touched Millicent's neck and shoulders.

"I have heard so much of your marvelous golden hair —" and before Millicent realized what she was about, the girl drew out her hairpins and threw them into the lap of a slave.

"Mashallah!" rippled around the walls of the room at the shower of gold on Millicent's shoulders; and then for the first time she noticed that, besides the attendants crouching at the feet of the girl, the walls of the large room were lined with standing figures. There must have been forty women in the room,

standing or seated, and all ready to obey the slight figure on the low chair.

“Yes, you are beautiful,” the girl said slowly. She put her hand beneath some of Millicent’s locks and held them high. “Comme les eaux blondes d’une cascade,” she murmured. With a soft little sigh, she leaned back and closed her eyes.

Millicent was held in a kind of fascination by the whole affair, and especially by the personality of the strange girl. Who could she be? A Turkish princess, without a doubt. The numerous attendants indicated that, and the tone in which she spoke.

Suddenly, at an idea which came to her, Millicent became afraid. Could this be the Sultan’s daughter who loved Orkhan, and for fear of whose vengeance he had wished Millicent to pass as a slave? And was she now praising her beauty to add zest to some cruelty to follow? The American girl searched the face before her with the fascinated interest one might feel in one’s executioner. Small and delicately built, she impressed her as of the finest texture the passionate, over-perfumed East could produce. The man who once loved her must remember her with burning blood to his dying day.

The girl’s eyes, encountering those of Millicent, smiled into them.

“You are beautiful, even as he says you are. But I see what he does not see. Yes, I see it all.”





COMME LES EAUX BLONDES D'UNE CASCADE



The last sentence she spoke to herself; then said a word to a slave, and a chair, lower than her own, was brought for Millicent. The Turkish girl waved her hand toward the chair.

“You may be seated,” she said, and in spite of herself Millicent felt as if an honor had been conferred on her. “Yes, you are beautiful, even as he says you are. You are like a bit of landscape which takes in the blue of the sky, the gold of the flowers, and the blossoming of the almond tree.”

“You seem to know all about me,” Millicent said. “May I ask who you are?”

The girl waved her hand — a delicate flutter of fingers.

“I? I am only a Turkish woman. I am one of those who live behind latticed windows, for whom you are sorry — and who pity you with the pity of those who taste life for those who never shall know its joys.”

“But this does not tell me specifically who you are.”

The Turkish girl laughed, and the laugh matched the eyes and the hair.

“There is the mind of the women of the Occident: they must know things specifically. They cannot understand through the heart.” She leaned forward, her glance keen, her face eager. “And now tell me specifically — how much do you love Orkhan Effendi?”

In spite of all that had gone before, Millicent was taken aback at this blunt demand.

“Your questioning is rather intimate,” she replied dryly, “considering that I do not even now know who you are.”

“I thought you had guessed. I am Malkhatoun, Orkhan Effendi’s cousin. He thought that if you knew me you would no longer be afraid to come to me.”

She leaned over and kissed Millicent. Various emotions were included in the kiss. Her conception of European women, gleaned from novels, had given her a tremendous admiration for them, since she had learned that they were capable of retaining the love of a man for a lifetime. In the atmosphere of the palace, man’s love was of ephemeral existence, and the woman who could hold it for even a few years was an enchantress. In her imagination she had invested Millicent with supernatural gifts of attraction. Now her intuition told her that Millicent was only a girl like herself, and moreover a comparative novice in the art of attracting men. Her kiss, therefore, was like that of a grateful patient to the physician who has given her hope. She still meant to use her best endeavor to win Millicent for Orkhan. She loved as many Turkish women love. To them the man is their lord, and they will give him whatever he asks for — their love, when he wishes it, or the love of other women, when he desires that. Thus they may win his gratitude, and retain whatever of his love they can.

Now Malkhatoun was thinking only of the man, for whom she had made of herself a shrine to worship him in. But she also felt sorry for Millicent at the thought of how lonely and miserable she would be after Orkhan ceased to care for her, and she resolved to be kind to this child of the West. It never occurred to her to try to save Millicent from this fate. On the contrary, she meant to take her with her at once, if possible, in order that Orkhan might not worry and fret by having to wait for his bride.

“Tell me, Melisande Hanoum,” she asked sweetly, “why did you refuse to obey your lord and go to the frontier? Surely you must have known that, although you would seem to be my slave, you would in reality belong to Orkhan.”

Having lost her exalted idea concerning Millicent, she went to the other extreme and patronized her a little.

The American girl's pride was roused, both by the tone and the words.

“It was not a question of obeying. I simply did not care for the plan he proposed. Indeed, I have not yet made up my mind whether I shall marry him at all.”

Malkhatoun opened wide her eyes at these brave words.

“You do not know whether you will marry him or not, when *he* wishes to marry *you*!”

“I care for him,” Millicent replied quietly, “but I

have also my own life to lead. I am not sure that for his love I would be willing to live secluded and apart from my friends."

"What have friends to do with it, when love is in question?"

"Perhaps we love differently, we women of America."

"There is only one kind of love," Malkhatoun cried passionately. "It surges through your whole being; it glorifies, and shows you the face of Allah; it burns and tortures, and envelops your soul in flames."

"And how long does a love like this last?"

"How long does it last?" the Turkish girl echoed. "What has that to do with it? It may last a year — a month — or a day. Nay, even an hour! What does it matter? It is not the length of time that counts." Her hands were clasped over her heart, her eyes looked far away, whither her thoughts had flown. "One might wait years, dreaming of it and praying for it. Then it comes, that glorious moment! What if one live the rest of one's life only to remember? But what can you understand of this I say to you? What can you know of love, you, who can think of other things when *he* is near you? You, who can discuss the future when he is present! You, who can hear the voice of reason while his voice speaks! Can you even conceive the delirious happiness of blindly obeying the lord of your life? Would you walk with bare feet on burning sand,

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your hands tied behind your back, tortured, polluted, even, for the mere happiness of knowing that at the last moment of your life *he* would be near you — that you could touch his hand, hear his voice, and die near him?”

## CHAPTER XXXVI

“YOU ARE A WOMAN — AND SO AM I”

**T**EARs were streaming down the cheeks of Malkhatoun as she ceased speaking, but they dried at once, as if by the fire that consumed her.

Millicent was tremendously moved by her impassioned words. For an instant it seemed to her as if this wild little thing, who would drink all the joys of life at one draft, might be right. Yet surely such a love was like a hurricane, which, when it had passed, left nothing except destruction behind. Hard on the rush which nearly carried her away came the conviction that just herein lay the danger of loving Orkhan the Turk; and that only misery to herself, with no especial good to him, could come from his love. She leaned over to Malkhatoun.

“My dear, what you say is very beautiful, — in some instances it may also be true, — but it can hardly be the rule for men or for women. What, after the storm of passion has passed, is there left in your lives?”

“Ah! after it has passed, what is there left but, like the flower which has bloomed, to fold one’s petals and die.”

Millicent smiled at the single-heartedness of the reply.



“That’s very romantic and poetic, but you must remember that there is the work of the world to do — and it is not done by the flowers who close their petals and die.”

Elpis’s sentiments came into her mind, and she quoted them, as nearly as she was able.

“Our lives do not belong to ourselves alone, so that we may sacrifice them for such gratification as you describe. Love is at its best when it is not only intoxicating, but when it helps those who love to work hand in hand.”

Malkhatoun was listening like a child to a foreign tongue. She had never heard women talk in this way before.

“The world is as it is,” she said. “How can one make it better?”

“Each life well lived helps a little, I believe. That is about all any one of us can hope to do. But we can at least try to live above the physical plane — or rather, we can make the physical serve the mental, not rule it.”

Malkhatoun clasped her slender hands together, and fixed her luminous eyes on the American girl.

“And is that what you do in your country?” she asked.

“We are trying to. And that is why I am debating my marriage to your cousin. If I marry him I am afraid I shall have to give up all my ideals.”

Malkhatoun, only half comprehending, found herself strangely in sympathy with this unknown creature from the new world. Millicent became to her again a different woman from herself, and vaguely the Turkish girl wondered if perhaps what Orkhan loved in this golden girl were these strange thoughts of hers. She recalled all his words about her, but nowhere did she remember to have heard him refer to this spiritual side of Millicent.

"Perhaps that's why you European women keep the love of a man all your lives," she said tentatively. "You think more of others than of your own gratification. Is that true?"

"When we marry, we do not do so solely from physical attraction, but because we have the same sympathies and ideals, and hope to help each other."

Malkhatoun thought for a moment.

"And does this make your marriages very beautiful?"

"When they are such marriages, they are very beautiful," Millicent answered.

"But does not the man desire other women?" Malkhatoun asked simply.

Millicent shook her head. "It is considered very wrong for a man to love other women than his wife."

"But does he not wish to?" Malkhatoun persisted.

"A nice man would not think of another woman if he loved his wife."

“But when his wife grows older?”

“It does not matter. They have other things which bind them together.”

Malkhatoun wrinkled her forehead in deep thought. Something in her nature responded to these ideals; but she had loved too long and too deeply to have room for anything else. And this reminded her of her mission. She still meant not to disappoint Orkhan, and to give him Millicent, since he wished her. She sighed.

“What you say seems to me as unattainable as the blue dome of heaven. It is not human. If you were to let all those thoughts go and become my cousin’s wife, you would learn that nothing on this earth is so great as the love of a man. Come, my *hanoum*, I have with me forty attendants. One will stay behind, and you can take her place. You shall be made Orkhan’s bride at once.”

But Millicent, in stating her own convictions, — in hearing the ideas of this other girl, — had become conscious how little she wished to give up all her own rich life for the solitary love — even of Orkhan.

She shook her head.

“I would gladly marry him, if we could meet on the same plane, if I could feel that our marriage would not stifle that voice in me which speaks of life above the physical, and if I could keep on being useful in the world.”

In spite of herself, Malkhatoun was half convinced. With a flash of insight she saw or rather felt the situation as it was, and with the understanding came the desire to help this other girl, even if it meant to deny Orkhan.

“Melisande Hanoum, I came here as my cousin’s emissary, but I am also a woman, as you are; and as Allah has made us weaker and dependent on men, we must help each other. I am my cousin’s emissary, but now also your friend. If you feel as you do, you must not marry him; for afterwards would be black misery. Your surrender to him would come not because of the power his love has over your soul, for your soul will only be lulled, and when it wakes — what will become of you? Our lives are secluded, and our point of view is different. It will be impossible for you to lead *your* life as you wish it and be one of us. After all, Orkhan Effendi is a Turk, and you would have to be a Turk’s wife.”

She rose, and as if a light breeze had come into the room, there whispered the rustle of silk as her attendants clustered around her. From her throat the Turkish girl unfastened a necklace and put it around Millicent’s neck.

“That is to remind you of me, and to tell you that no matter what may happen I shall be your friend.”

Deftly her attendants covered the princess with veils and silken wraps till she was an unrecognizable

bundle. Then all swept Millicent a curtsy and went from the room, leaving her alone, bathed in her golden hair and with the precious stones sparkling at her throat.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### ORKHAN THE TURK

**T**HIS recent meeting of the Czar and the King of England," Hakir Pasha was saying, — "I don't like it. I have good reasons for believing that it had for object the discussion of our unfortunate country."

Ten of the leaders of the Young Turks were assembled in Orkhan's house on Princess Island, contrary to their usual precaution of never coming together in a larger number than four. They had come in divers roundabout ways, some of them disguised. All were visibly impressed by Hakir Pasha's words.

"If they decide to interfere with so-called plans for reform," remarked Rigbo, "a terrible obstacle will be placed in the way of our success."

"We must move before they do," Hakir Pasha announced, his jaw thrust forward. "If we succeed, Europe will be outwitted. If we fail — Allah kerim! What do you say, Orkhan?" he asked, turning to him.

He could not have appealed to any one more eager to precipitate matters. His nurse had told him that his fiancée had of late become like a tigress. She must have got wind of his visits to the Paparighopoulos,

and he felt as if her vengeance might at any time descend upon him and Millicent.

"I do not see what we gain by waiting," he replied. "All is ready, and every day's delay only gives a chance for some mishap that we cannot foresee."

The debate which followed was short. To all of them action would come as a relief from the long planning and plotting. The fight would now be in the open, where men would know their enemies. And the recent harrowing events in Salonica would enable them to make a start there which the Porte would consider merely local. Thus the movement could not get under full headway before its gravity was suspected. They clasped hands and swore to die before surrendering, and at this instant they forgot their mutual grievance, and only thought of the great cause.

There came a sharp rap at the door. The leaders' hands unclasped, and each one drew his revolver.

Orkhan went to the door.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"It is I, Bey Effendi," replied the voice of one of his servants. "We found a man near the house who we think is a spy."

Orkhan opened the door and a short, fat man was pushed into the room. His hands were tied behind him, and he had evidently been roughly handled, but it was not that which arrested attention: it was his

livid face, his eyes starting from their sockets, and the fear which made him tremble so violently that one could hear the chattering of his teeth.

"I am not a spy," he screamed. "I was passing through the short-cut behind your house to the town, when two men jumped out and —"

Orkhan leaped at him like a tiger. He had recognized the Armenian he had kicked into the water.

"Ah! I know you, you vermin!" His voice was not loud, but there was a deadly hatred in it which seemed to shrivel the fat man up.

"Effendi, I pray you, I am no spy," he managed to stammer; but Orkhan cut him short.

With a sweep of his arm he sent the lamp to the floor, and, seizing the Armenian, he dragged him out on the terrace and flung him into the water below. A horrible scream broke the silence of the night. It ended with a splash, as the heavy body struck the water. Up above no one moved. Everything had taken place so quickly that there had not been time for interference, had any one wished to interfere. A long time after the splash there came a strangled gurgle from the black waters below. Then all was silence.

"Bring another lamp," said Orkhan to his servant, "and close the curtains well."

The rays of the new light shone upon the same scene and the same men as before. Only the broken lamp on the floor indicated the tragedy that had taken place.



Orkhan was still breathing a trifle faster than usual, and a dull red shone in his cheeks.

Righo alone of those present resented the act of the Turk. He was very pale, and took a step toward his friend.

“Are you mad, Orkhan?” he demanded. “We do not punish with death without proofs, and what proof had you the man was a spy? He might have been, as he said, taking the short-cut to town.”

With rather exaggerated carelessness Orkhan replied: —

“Why make a fuss over ridding the earth of one more superfluous person? I disliked the man.”

“But, in God’s name, we cannot rid the earth of those we dislike,” exclaimed Righo sternly. “I knew that man — a dissipated, harmless youth named Kasanzian. He subscribed a hundred pounds to our cause. I would swear he was no spy. He was rich and did not need money.”

Orkhan shrugged his shoulders.

“Well, perhaps he was no spy; but once before he came in my path. Besides, one Armenian, more or less, what does it matter? They are prolific.”

The other leaders laughed, even Hakir Pasha; but Righo’s stern face did not relax.

“What you have done is murder, Orkhan.”

The Turk stepped forward, towering over the Greek. For a minute they measured each other with their

eyes. The one short and plain, of an old conquered race, which even in its decadence had avoided useless bloodshed. The other, tall and handsome, of a race which even in its zenith had always been soiled with innocent blood, wantonly shed.

They glared at each other, then Orkhan smiled, and putting his hand on the Greek's shoulder, said soothingly: —

“Are you not making a lot out of nothing, Righo? We are not going to quarrel, you and I, over an Armenian.”

Righo saw the futility of his remonstrance, saw the gulf which separated him, the civilized European, from the Asiatic, who knows no pity. Silently he went to his seat; but during the rest of the meeting he heard nothing more of what was said, for his ears could hear nothing except the agonized scream, and the splash in the water.

When the meeting broke up, he did not accept Orkhan's invitation to spend the night with him, as he often did. Instead, after the usual precautions had been taken to make sure the house was not watched, he walked up the St. Nicholas Road which led to the town.

The gay life of the island — the gayest of all the resorts about Constantinople — was not stilled yet. In the pine woods groups of youths were playing on stringed instruments and singing love-songs. Belated

donkey excursions of Turkish women passed, with loud laughter and screams of joy; and many carriages were taking passengers home from the various cafés.

Niko Paparighopoulos walked on, oblivious of all the gayety around him. He could only think of the poor human being who that night had ruthlessly been thrown from life into death. Till now Righo had been but a lukewarm Greek. He loved his race, it is true, but he felt that the attitude of his race toward the Turk was unjust; that it ought not to keep itself apart from the Turk, but have more community of feeling with him.

To-night for the first time he saw the Ottomans as they were. The scenes of the conquest of Constantinople passed before his mind's eye, as if he had seen them himself. He saw the torrents of victorious Turkish troops entering the city, uttering their ferocious cries of "Allah, il Allah!" and massacring all that came before them till their lust for blood was sated. With the agonized cry of the Armenian were now mingled the cries of women and children who found no mercy at the hands of the blood-stained soldiery.

In imagination Righo lived over all the horrors which for days followed the taking of Constantinople. He wiped the heavy perspiration from his brow.

"I had forgotten!" he murmured. And again: "I had forgotten!"

The spirits of his dead ancestors became alive, and

brought to him fragments of the bloody deeds of the Asiatic conquerors. And again he heard the agonized scream of the Armenian, and the thump of his body as it fell into the dark sea.

Righo shivered.

"And that it should be Orkhan," he said to himself. "Orkhan, whom I had thought civilized, and whom I loved."

By a curious trick of the mind, Millicent came and stood beside Orkhan, and for the first time the Greek viewed with loathing the thought of her union with Orkhan.

"He will be pitiless to her, when the love he has for her shall be at an end."

He felt that he must warn her. She and Elpis were spending a week's end on Princess Island, at the Paparighopoulos' island villa. Righo pulled out his watch. It was a quarter to one. "They may not have returned from the Casino yet," he thought, and walked rapidly toward the centre of nocturnal gayety.

At the entrance to the principal casino a friend linked his arm in his.

"Hullo, Niko. If you are looking for your sister and her guests, they have just left here. I saw them to their carriages myself."

"Thanks, I *was* looking for them."

Springing into an empty carriage on the stand, he gave the order to drive swiftly to his villa. He found

Elpis and Millicent together. The other guests had already gone to their rooms.

From his face Elpis knew that something had happened.

“Oh, Niko! What is it?”

“I wish to speak to Miss Grey,” he answered.

“Orkhan is dead!” she said faintly.

He looked hard at her.

“The Orkhan I loved and admired *is* dead; but Orkhan the Turk is alive.”

Then he told of the death of the Armenian.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### FREE

**A**N hour after Millicent had gone to her room, she made her way to Elpis's door. She was still fully dressed.

Softly she knocked.

"Come in!" came the answer at once.

She entered, and found the Greek girl, like herself, dressed.

"I was afraid you might have gone to bed. I am going out for a walk. Will you come with me?"

Elpis nodded, as if her guest had made the most natural kind of request. She slipped her little revolver into her pocket, and the two started.

They went quietly through the silent house, and without arousing any one let themselves out of the front door into the dark, cool night.

Millicent walked faster than she knew, so fast that Elpis, though a good walker, had hard work keeping up with her.

Neither one spoke.

The road wound in and out among the hills, sometimes through dense pines, blacker than the black night itself; again it came out into the open, where the dark was more translucent, less opaque; and again it

skirted the shores of the Sea of Marmora, where a faint shimmer, felt rather than seen, betrayed the water.

They roamed far and fast; but gradually the peace of the dewy night descended upon Millicent, and she walked more slowly. The sky overhead grew less dense. There were little twitterings of birds, waking up from their twigs. The eyes of the two girls, accustomed to the blackness, began to distinguish more clearly the things they passed. And then there crept into the sky the premonition of the dawn.

Still they went on in silence. Streaks of pink and yellow and lavender preceded the sun in the heavens. Millicent stopped. They were on a little hill, and Elpis thought she had never seen so beautiful a creature as this young figure, erect, her shoulders thrown back, looking toward the east.

Millicent spoke at last; and the light of dawn was reflected on her face: —

“Ah! the blessed sunrise colors — of hope, and faith — and freedom!”

## CHAPTER XXXIX

### DEFEAT

**T**HE killing of the Armenian troubled Orkhan himself not at all. He did not give another thought to the matter. Indeed, he was fully occupied with the contents of a letter he had received from Malkhatoun telling him that she had not succeeded in making Millicent agree to their plans.

Orkhan did not think only of the contents of the letter; its writer received a goodly share of his attention — dark-eyed Malkhatoun, whom he had never really seen until their last interview. Whenever the fair face of Millicent came before his mind, there was always beside it the darker one of the other, as on the medallion are the profiles of Dante and Cavalcante. He could contemplate with entire serenity the pair of lovely girls' faces. They stirred the Turk in him; and the Turk was so undeniably and vitally himself that he experienced great pleasure in making his acquaintance. He did not worry about the complications that might arise out of this pair of faces. He meant to marry Millicent at once: the other problem could be confronted later.

In the thought of Millicent he did not feel unalloyed delight. He was distinctly annoyed with her. This



affair, he told himself, must be settled one way or another at once, and to Orkhan there was only one way — the man's.

Three days after the death of the Armenian he sent word that he would be at the Paparighopoulos villa. His message naturally was delivered to Elpis. She went to Millicent, and repeated it to her.

“Would you rather not —” she began tentatively.

“No, I will see him,” Millicent interrupted.

Elpis's brown eyes searched her face; and the anxiety in them lessened.

“You are so superbly yourself again, dear,” she said.

Something of the same quality struck Orkhan, in spite of his ill-humor, when Millicent came into the room and greeted him.

“Mashallah!” he murmured, “such a girl is worth striving for.” But he did not say this to her. Rather coldly he said: “I am sorry you could not find it in your heart to agree to go with my cousin Malkhatoun after you had seen her.”

She was very glad he adopted this demeanor. It made her own task easier.

“It could not be,” she replied, inclining her head slightly.

A flush mounted to Orkhan's face.

“Then our marriage —”

“Our marriage can never be,” she interrupted quietly. “I don’t know how I ever thought we could be happy together. The barriers between us are too great.”

A sudden fear gripped him lest he lose this being, who had never seemed more to be desired than at this minute. He forgot that he had meant to be cold, and a little cruel, to her.

“What barriers?” he cried impetuously. “Whatever they be I will tear them down.”

For just an instant an answering thrill possessed her. Then she mastered herself.

“They are too great, Orkhan Effendi,” she said sadly. “They are our whole different civilizations. I am glad you came to see me to-day; for I had to tell you that, although I have cared for you, I can never become your wife.”

“Who has put these foolish words into your mouth?” he asked passionately. “What are different civilizations, when you are a woman and I a man — and we love each other?”

Gently she shook her head.

“You are a Turk, and I am a Christian. The pitiless way in which you can destroy human life taught me the impassable differences between us. Three days ago, with no more compunction than if he had been a mouse, you killed a man.”

“You do not call a dirty Armenian a man! Besides,

he was a spy, and the captured spy suffers death everywhere."

"Had you proof that he was a spy?"

"Well, perhaps he was not," Orkhan exclaimed disdainfully. "He had crossed my path once before, and I chose that he should not do so again. Besides, a woman has not the right to discuss the acts of a man. What can she know of things like that? It is enough for her that a man wants her."

"It is not enough for me," Millicent replied, "and I cannot become your wife."

With a wave of his hand Orkhan brushed her words aside. It came to him that it was only the part of a foolish man to bandy words with a lovely woman. He smiled his radiant smile, and held out his arms to her. But Millicent stepped back, and when he tried to take her in them with gentle force, he found himself resisted with an uncompromising strength he had not thought her capable of.

"No! No! Orkhan. Let me keep a kind remembrance of you."

Orkhan stared. But surely this was the whim of a girl, to be coaxed away by the words of a lover. It was impossible that she should defy him, this girl whom he had held trembling in his arms, and who, so short a time ago, had responded to his love as an Æolian harp to the wind. Passionately, incoherently, he pleaded with her, trying all the arts upon her of which

instinctively he was master. Only after many minutes could he believe that this unbelievable change had come to pass: that she had absolutely subjected the love to which she had once been a slave.

Orkhan looked at her as if she were a being from another world. The indifference which should follow satiety he could have comprehended, but not the strength which enabled her to draw back from the brimming cup of love before it had reached her lips. Then arose in him the rage of baffled pride of the conquering man toward the woman he cannot conquer. The thing which gnawed at the vitals of his vanity was that as a man he had no more power over her as a woman.

And then Orkhan the Turk, with black rage in his heart, but with his usual grace of movement, went out of the room.

## CHAPTER XL

### A COUNTER-MOVE

**I** MUST go on the other side of the river this afternoon," said Elpis. "Would you care to come? It is the Stephanides' tea — and I have n't seen Altheon for several days."

"Do you mind if I stay here and go for a walk when it becomes cooler? I have such a curiously happy sensation that I want to go out in the open. It seems as if I needed all outdoors to realize my freedom in."

Elpis, shy of caresses, gave Millicent a little pat.

"You may do exactly as you choose, only don't stay out late. I shall be rather late myself, but expect to be back for dinner. We shall be alone. Niko has sent word that he has left Constantinople for a few days. It looks as if things might happen any day now."

After Elpis had gone, Millicent waited until the sun had almost set, then started for the hills. Midway between the Paparighopoulos villa and the hills she met a closed carriage. Its shades were drawn down, in spite of the warm weather, and a eunuch sat on the box by the driver.

A quarter of a mile farther on she met another carriage, exactly like the first; and just as she reached the hills a third, like the other two.

“Poor things,” she thought, “this husband is extra jealous, and his playthings must not be seen driving in an open carriage, even in their veils. But I suppose they are happy, after their own fashion.”

She gave a little sigh, yet even with the sigh there came such a rush of joy at her own recovered freedom that she wanted to skip and sing on the public highway.

She climbed one of the hills and took her seat beneath a great pine to enjoy the panorama of the Bosphorus. The twilight was coming on, and Millicent knew that through the light mist which would presently thinly veil the landscape, it would acquire an added enchantment, like a Turkish coquette seen through her diaphanous *yashmak*.

It was the hour when Mussulmans go indoors because of their religion, and Christians because of old habits of fear. Millicent for a time had the whole countryside to herself without the disturbing presence of a single other person.

Presently she was a little disappointed to see a man coming hurriedly toward her. She recognized him as the Paparighopoulos’ major-domo, Mitro. He was running, and there was that in his manner that disquieted her.

She sprang to her feet, and went to meet him.

“What is it?” she asked.

Only after he spoke did she realize that she could

not understand him any more than he could her. By signs he indicated that she must follow him. His face was stern, and beads of perspiration stood on his brow.

She went with him, fearing lest something might have happened to Elpis.

Down the hill they hurried. When they came to the dividing road he motioned to her to go by the one she had never been before, instead of by the usual way.

She hesitated. Vehemently he signed to her to proceed, and even laid his hand on her arm. There was no mistaking the earnestness of his wish. For an instant she debated whether to go where he indicated or not. Then she remembered Elpis's saying that she trusted him as she did her own brother, and that his integrity and courage were beyond question, and decided the best thing was to obey his instructions.

The road they were now on seemed to lead away from home rather than toward it. They walked swiftly, stopping sometimes to listen. At one of these stops they heard the rumble of a carriage behind them.

The rumble ceased, and there was a shrill whistle. It was answered by another in front, though no person or carriage was visible in the uncertain light.

Mitro muttered something between his teeth, and seizing her arm half dragged her in among the trees at the side of the road. Their footsteps sounded painfully plain on the twigs and litter of the woods.

Mitro pointed disapprovingly at Millicent's white

dress. It would betray their whereabouts a long way off. He put her behind a large tree, and, crouching down at her side, peered forth, revolver in hand.

The carriage drove past their hiding-place, and through the fading light Millicent recognized it as one of those that had passed her when she was on her way to the hills. Why this should have seemed of sinister import it would be hard to say, but Millicent felt a cold shiver run over her at the sight, and for the first time was afraid.

After the carriage had gone by, they resumed their flight, back toward the hills. It was rough walking, and Millicent was continually stumbling over roots or fallen branches. Her breath came fast, and she had to stop to rest a minute.

From his belt Mitro handed her a short sharp knife. He made a circular wave of his hand, as if they were surrounded, and, raising his revolver, imitated shooting in all directions. Then he pointed to her, and grimly made the motion of stabbing himself. The girl smiled. Things did not seem to her at such a desperate pass as that.

“Orkhan Effendi!” Mitro said.

“Orkhan Effendi yok fena,” she replied in her limited Turkish. She wished to impart to Mitro her own confidence in Orkhan.

Mitro shook his head, and in a guttural whisper replied: —



“Orkhan Effendi — Turk!”

The gray mist of the evening was thickening, and to Millicent's excited imagination the woods seemed peopled with their pursuers. She heard the snapping of twigs, and often took bushes or shadows for waiting men.

As the night deepened, it became more difficult to make their way. The terrors of the unknown preyed on her imagination more than any seen dangers would have done. It was past the dinner hour, and she thought of what Elpis must be suffering at her non-appearance.

Suddenly four forms seemed to rise up from the ground before them. Mitro fired, and at the same instant Millicent felt a pair of strong arms thrown about her, pinioning her.

“Help! Mitro!” she called.

He whirled and fired, so close that the explosion deafened her; but she was free again.

Then for a few seconds there was a demoniac contest of shots and thrusts and hoarse gruntings, as men fought bestially together.

Millicent found herself hacking away with her knife with a certain fierce exhilaration she would not have imagined possible. But again a pair of black arms gripped her tight, a shawl soaked in chloroform was thrown over her head, and she was lifted and swiftly carried away.

## CHAPTER XLI

### THE SEARCH

**E**LPIS was detained on the other side of the Bosphorus and did not return home until long after the dinner hour.

"I hope you have given Miss Grey her dinner," she said to her nurse, who opened the door for her.

"Miss Grey is not back — neither is Mitro," the old woman said in a frightened voice. "I thought perhaps you had met somewhere and stayed out together."

Elpis stood rigid for a minute, thinking hard.

"Call Thanasy, Andrea, and Stavro," she said sharply.

Into the household there had already crept a feeling of uneasiness, and the coachman and the grooms responded promptly to the summons.

"Miss Grey and Mitro have not come back," Elpis said tersely. "It is possible they have met with foul play. They went to the hills. Arm yourselves, and each of you take a horse and go look for them. Thanasy follow the straight road, Andrea the first path to the right, and Stavro the crooked one to the left. Saddle Cæsarino for me. I shall take the lower back road. And don't let any one know what has happened."

“But had not one of us better go with you?” protested Thanasy.

“No. I can take care of myself,” she replied curtly. “Now go at once.”

The men dared not disobey her, and went off with sober faces to saddle the horses.

Elpis changed her afternoon gown for her riding-habit. She was dressed even before the horses were ready, and carried her revolver out to the stable and slipped it into the holster in front of her saddle. The three men were heavily armed, for no Greek household in Turkey is without its arsenal; and the four rode off into the starlit night.

When they reached the first fork in the road Elpis said: —

“Ride slowly, and listen for any sound from the woods.”

Thanasy, the old coachman, ventured one more remonstrance against her going alone.

“Thank you, Thanasy,” she answered gently, “but only in this way shall we cover the whole ground. And you know I can shoot better than you can.”

She galloped off alone, down the back road, Cæsarino, who had not been out for two days, bounding with life, and shying at a hundred imaginary terrors of the night.

Presently she coaxed him down to a walk, and now

and again stopped to listen for any sound from the woods on either side.

With the marvelous sympathy of a well-bred horse for the rider he knows, Cæsarino lost the festive prancing step with which he had started, and walked along with catlike care, his ears pricked forward, every nerve taut, and instantly ready for the slightest signal from Elpis. When the slight pressure on the reins bade him stop, he stood like a statue of bronze, listening, not even breathing. Then he would resume his stealthy walk, as if he were trying to creep up on some one unaware.

Suddenly a change came over him. Every muscle in him stiffened. His neck arched itself into a perfect bow. His head was raised and his nostrils distended.

"Cæsarino, do you see anything?" Elpis whispered, leaning forward till her cheek nearly touched his neck.

He had stopped, shivering. The slightest tremor on his reins, and he would have bolted from this terror of the night.

"Come, boy — forward!" Elpis said, touching his side with her heel.

He did not obey, but blew a blast of fear through his distended nostrils.

"Come on, boy. That is where we must go," Elpis urged gently.

Quivering like an aspen — every instinct in him, except confidence in his rider, urging him to flight —

he obeyed. Into the woods they crept, peering forward. It was impossible to tell which shadow might be the most gruesome object. Any other horse than this favorite of hers would have refused to advance against this horror which he scented.

Elpis, her revolver in her hand, and straining sight and hearing to the uttermost, leaned forward, her lips parted, her head slightly on one side. Presently she made out what seemed to be a patch of denser black at the foot of a tree. At the same moment Cæsarino reared so violently that he almost unseated her.

“Cæsarino!” she called sharply; and when he came down on all fours again she felt his back sink beneath her, as if his limbs had turned to water, but he did not try to run.

“Millicent!” she called. “Mitro!”

There was no answer.

She slipped from her saddle, the reins in her left hand, and cautiously advanced. Cæsarino, his head close to her, followed at her heels with a low whinny, as if he were afraid of being left alone. The shadow revealed itself as a heap of human bodies. They did not stir nor utter a sound. Elpis grasped the top one and turned it over. It was a eunuch, stiff and stark. Shuddering, she pulled away another. Beneath the two lay Mitro. She dropped on her knees, and tearing open his shirt put her hand on his heart. There were several ghastly wounds about his shoulders; but

he was warm — not like the others, and there was a faint flickering of his heart. She chafed his hands and wrists, but could not revive him. Why had she not thought of bringing a flask of brandy with her? Perhaps one of her men had some. She must summon them. It might be dangerous, but there was no help for it.

She rose to her feet.

“Now, Cæsarino, don’t be frightened,” she said, caressing him.

Holding her revolver over her head she fired twice into the air. The horse started violently. Fortunately he had been used to Elpis’s firing from his back.

In only a minute Thanasy came tearing up, lashing his horse like a demon to force him against the smell of blood.

“I’m all right, Thanasy. I’ve found Mitro.”

“Thank God! I thought —” He stopped.

Even under the circumstances Elpis noticed in what a suspiciously short time the old coachman had appeared.

“Have you any brandy with you? Mitro is unconscious.”

“Yes.”

They forced some of the liquor between his lips, and Mitro, half-reviving, struggled to raise himself.

“Be quiet, Mitro. It is I, Elpis. Where is Miss Grey? Did Orkhan —”

“I don’t know,” he muttered. “There were many — they attacked from all sides. They —”

He mumbled a few words more, incoherently, and again lost consciousness.

“We must get him home. They may return,” said Thanasy.

“Get him on your horse. I can manage to mount by myself afterwards,” Elpis commanded.

Under the excitement of the moment, the old man lifted Mitro and threw him across the back of his frightened horse as if he had been a sack of corn. Then while Elpis held the bridle, he scrambled up into the saddle, grasped the unconscious man in his arms, and managed to prop him up against himself.

Elpis made a long step to her own stirrup, and drew herself up into the saddle by the horns. Then taking hold of the bits of Thanasy’s horse, she guided him along, the coachman being occupied with his burden.

As swiftly as possible they made their way home. There Mitro was placed on a bed, and Elpis and her nurse worked over him, but without being able to rouse him to consciousness.

When the physician arrived, Elpis said to him:—

“Can you revive him enough to speak to me even for a minute?”

The old doctor, who had known Elpis since her childhood, could tell from her tone that the matter was of the utmost importance.

"I'll do what I can," he answered.

He tried one powerful restorative after another, at first without success. Finally Mitro moaned, and muttered something.

Elpis leaned over him.

"What is it, Mitro? Speak!" she commanded.

"Orkhan," he muttered. "There — were — many —" and again he relapsed into unconsciousness.

The Greek girl straightened herself up.

"It is enough, Doctor," she said. "Do what you can for him. I must leave you."

She went to her own room, and sat down at the table, her elbows on it, her head in her hands. The minutes passed and she did not stir. She was thinking hard, trying to find out what was best to do for Millicent.

If only her brother were here! He could go straight to Orkhan and demand the return of Millicent — and kill him if he refused. But now she had to do everything herself. The idea of going to the American Embassy suggested itself to her, but she was afraid that if matters passed into the slow hands of diplomacy she might never see Millicent again alive.

She went over and over every possible place where Millicent could be, sitting immobile for so long a time that one might have thought she had fallen asleep after the terrible fatigues of the day.

"He has taken her to the Palace," she finally cried



with conviction. "The most dangerous place is the safest, and it is Malkhatoun who has her in charge."

She thought of going herself to the Palace; but if Malkhatoun were his accomplice, she would certainly be refused admission; and if a hint of her errand crept out, it might mean even worse danger to Millicent from the jealousy of Princess Leila.

Some one else must penetrate into the Palace for her, and this some one must be a Turkish lady, powerful enough to be received, and not a known friend of hers.

Elpis sat without movement for half an hour.

"I must risk it," she murmured at length.

## CHAPTER XLII

### A LEAF FROM THE PAST

**I**N a rambling old wooden palace, darkened by the weather and the years, and so close to the waters of the Bosphorus as to seem to be floating on them, lived a daughter of the late Sultan Aziz.

In years gone by she had been famous for her beauty and for her daring, which defied even the customs of her race and religion. Her palace, then, had been the rendezvous of the fiercest spirits of the time, and had been visited by many handsome men, both Mussulman and Christian. Now it stood silent and gloomy, its portals rarely opening to admit strangers; for one day Death entered with the other guests and when he went away he took with him the joy of the household, the only child of the terrible princess.

And to-day, while Elpis's horses were taking her to this old palace, the Sultan's daughter was sitting cross-legged on her divan, dealing out a pack of cards before her. Three rows of seven cards she laid down, face upward. The rest she held in the palm of her left hand. From a low table near her she took a lighted cigarette and smoked it, while studying the cards. Laying the cigarette down, she turned up three more

cards from the pack in her hand, and placed them on the third card of each of the rows.

“*Vach! vach!*” she exclaimed. “What is going to happen to me to-day? Never before did the cards act like this. *Vach! vach!* What more can happen to me, except death? But that I have long expected, and these cards foretell unexpected things.”

She turned up one more card — the ten spot of spades — and dropped the pack on the floor.

“*Vach! vach!*” she wailed, covering her face.

At this instant the gusty wind outside drove the rain fiercely against the window panes.

The Princess stopped her wailing.

“The ghouls and the djinns of the graveyard,” she muttered. “This is their day. They have struck the window panes. Have they a message for me from my little one?”

She raised the window and then the *cafass*, and thrust her head out. The rain struck her in the face, but she did not notice it.

“Any message for me?” she cried. “Any message?”

There was no answer. Only the rain continued to fall unmercifully on her gray head.

The brocade portière of the room was raised, and an old eunuch entered.

“What are you doing?” he demanded querulously. “Get away from that rain at once.”

The Princess drew her head back into the room,

and the eunuch, protest in every movement, noisily closed the lattice and the window. Wrathfully he went into the next room, returning with a towel, and bade his mistress dry her face and hair.

The Princess suffered his scolding without protest. Had he not held her in his arms when she was a baby? And had he not endured all her whims and caprices ever since? Moreover, had he not been her confidant in all her tempestuous life?

“There, there!” she exclaimed, drying her hair; “there is no reason why you should be so scoldy for a little thing like that.”

“You call it a little thing, your catching cold? Besides, why did you go and do such a dreadful thing as to send for *her*?”

“Send for whom?” the Princess asked.

The eunuch glared defiantly at his mistress.

“Are you going to deny that you sent for her?”

“When you tell me whom you mean, I may deny or not, as I please.”

The eunuch took a step toward the Princess, trying to hold his bent old body erect. Suddenly he broke into a whimper.

“Why, to see her will be enough to kill you. It almost finished me,” and he fell at his mistress’s feet, crying like a child.

“Yusuf! My little Yusuf! What has happened? Who is here?”

The eunuch raised his head.

"Paparighopoulos Pasha's daughter is downstairs," he wailed, "with the same face as our little one had."

The Princess gasped. She clutched at her throat, as if she were choking.

"Allah, be merciful to me!" she implored. Then to the eunuch: "Yusuf, you mean Xenophon Effendi's daughter?"

The eunuch nodded strongly. "And her face is that of our little one."

The daughter of Sultan Aziz grew very pale. Trembling shook her.

"Water!" she begged.

The distress of his mistress brought the eunuch to his senses. He filled a glass for her.

The Princess drank in deep gulps.

"Where is she?" she demanded, as soon as she could speak.

"Where else but downstairs."

"Don't let me see her, Yusuf! Don't let me see her!"

"Then you did not send for her?"

She shook her head.

The eunuch fell into a rage. "She has dared, then, all by herself!"

The Princess clutched his arm. "You said she looked like my little one, and you are cross at her!"

"I hate her," he screamed, "for she is living, and our little one is dead."

The Princess pointed to the rain outside.

"It is the day of the ghouls and the djinns of the graveyard. We cannot send *his* child away when she comes to us. Think of it, Yusuf — his child!"

She threw herself on the sofa, weeping pitifully.

"Xenophon! Xenophon!" she murmured tenderly. "My little daughter — my little one!"

For a few minutes she abandoned herself to her grief. Then she raised herself up with resolution.

"Go bring her here, Yusuf."

"Are you mad?" the old man demanded. "It will kill you. I told you it nearly finished me. I shall be put to sleep in the graveyard to-night."

"Go fetch Xenophon Effendi's child, Yusuf. *You* must bring her to me, and no one else. Go, Yusuf."

With uncertain steps the eunuch left the room, and shortly reappeared with Elpis.

The Greek girl salaamed low, in Turkish fashion, to the woman she had never seen, to the woman who had virtually killed her mother, who had ruined her home, and of whom she had now come to ask a favor.

After the salutation, the two women, the old and the young, stood facing each other, in the middle of the room.

Elpis's heart was beating fast.

The Princess drew her fur cloak around her. She was shivering.

“What do you want of me?” she asked, her voice harsh and strained in her endeavor to appear calm.

“I want your help,” Elpis answered.

The Princess breathed hard. Try as she would she could not take her eyes from the girl’s face. She had loved such a face so fiercely, so passionately: first in a man, and then in a child — and death had robbed her of them both.

A sob escaped her, and then she broke down. She cried as if her heart were breaking; and Elpis, who had hated this woman ever since she had known of her, could not help feeling sorry for her. Seeing the carafe of water, she poured out a glass and brought it to the Princess, who took it from her like a child, and seemed soothed by it.

“Why do you need my help?” she asked, still sobbing. “Are you in trouble?”

“Yes. I need your help.”

“And you come to me — because — of — your father?”

“No. I come to you because of my mother.”

“Your mother! I do not understand. I have never known your mother. I have never even seen her.”

“You did not have to know her in order to kill her. She left a diary for me to read after I was fifteen. There is a debt you owe her — and you can pay it by helping me.”

The Princess trembled. Had another human being

spoken to her thus, he would hardly have left the house alive; but Elpis Paparighopoulos had not only the face of her father, she carried herself like him, and the tones in which she spoke were the same tones which years ago had thrilled the older woman and made her mad for love.

“Xenophon’s child, tell me what it is you wish of me.”

She curled herself up on the sofa, and motioned Elpis to sit beside her.

Elpis did as she was bid, and then, as shortly as possible, explained to her why she had come to her. She ended: —

“Something tells me that she is in the Palace. Will you help me to find my friend?”

“How am I to know her — without asking questions that would be dangerous to ask?”

“From her golden hair; from the pure light which burns in her gray-blue eyes; and above all from the independent way she carries herself — that of a race which has never been conquered. If you find her, I will attend to getting her out.”

The Princess dropped her head in her hands, and remained in this position for a few minutes. When she raised her head, her face was pitifully white and drawn. Elpis had brought the past too vividly before her.

“Are you very fond of this American girl?” she



asked, not because she wanted to know, but that she might again hear the voice of the girl who resembled her daughter.

"I love her." The tone thrilled the older woman.

"I had a daughter once, younger than you, and as beautiful as you are. She is dead. Allah took her from me when she was like an almond tree in blossom. She was so graceful in her youth, so pure in the dawn of her womanhood; and every day she lived she became more perfect. Allah gave her all the gifts, so that I might suffer the more when he struck me."

She hid her face in her hands again and wept.

"It is because she is dead that I came to you."

The Princess took her hands from her tear-stained face and leaned forward, searching the face of Elpis.

"You are very wise for your age. How did you come by so much wisdom?"

"I am motherless. I had to learn for myself."

"I shall help you, young hanoum, but not because of your mother; for my debt to her I paid long ago."

She stopped speaking and gazed before her, her eyes dark, with a light in them of fear and horror.

"Yes, I have paid the debt I owed your mother."

She pulled a bell-rope, and the eunuch answered it.

"Bring me the secret coffer."

She covered her face again, and remained thus until the eunuch placed before her a small strongbox of Oriental device.

“You can go, Yusuf.”

She unlocked the box, and from a secret drawer took out what looked like a bejeweled cigarette case. From this she brought forth half a dozen letters, yellow with years. One by one she read them over, and put them back again in the case.

“Take this, Xenophon’s child, and when you are alone and locked in your room, read them, and burn them. They may not be safe in your keeping. They were found in your father’s hunting-lodge in Thessaly after he had been made a prisoner on suspicion of being connected with the uprising in Macedonia. The man who was sent by the Sultan to find these papers was in love with me — and I loathed him. He brought them to me. My mother was a Mussulman Cretan and had taught me to read Greek. I read these letters and knew what it would mean to Xenophon’s children if they were ever brought to light. It is because I bought these letters from the man — at his own price — that you still are what you are. Otherwise you would to-day be one of those thousand nameless women who get their living from the gutters of this pitiless city. Yes, I have paid my debt to your mother at a cost which may you never know.”

She held out the jeweled case to Elpis.

“Take them,” the Princess continued. “Allah might have been mollified by my sacrifice, but he was not.”

Elpis, with the case in her hand, was hardly listening now. A joyous hope was in her heart for reëstablishing her faith in one whom she had loved and in whose honor she had lost faith.

“Then my father did not die because he loved you?” she asked, her breath coming quickly.

“No. The man who found these letters told the Sultan he had found nothing; and the government meant to torture your father to obtain from him the names of those who had conspired in Macedonia. I knew this. In the dead of night, Yusuf and I managed to get to him in his prison. When we left him he was beyond the power of the Sultan’s torturers.”

Elpis, who had not cried since she was a child, mingled her tears with those of the older woman. They were very near together, this Greek girl and this Ottoman princess. And being women, they understood many things that there was no need of saying.

“Go now, Xenophon’s child,” the Princess said at last. “I shall pay a visit to the Palace to-day. Do not come here again. I will let you know how I succeed.”

When Elpis was back in her own room, with locked door, she took out the letters from the bejeweled case and read them. And as she did so a wondrous light came into her face.

“My father!” she murmured. “Then you did die for Greece! You did die for the freedom of your country!”

She kissed the letters.

“Millicent,” she whispered, “if you only knew what peace you have brought to my heart. I have lived all these years under a cloud of shame, disowning my own father in my heart, and because of you I get him back a hero.”

She read the letters once more. Then lighted a candle, and one by one burned them over it. To the last black ashes she spoke: —

“What a sword of Damocles you were, and we did not even know it.”

## CHAPTER XLIII

### THE CHILDREN OF THE TURKS

ORKHAN in his disguise stood in Malkhatoun's room, by the latticed window, waiting for her. The sun was setting, and the sky outside was a mass of iridescent black clouds, lined with fiery red.

A rustle of silk, a light step, and Malkhatoun was in the room.

Orkhan turned around and filled his eyes with the sight of the girl who was helping him to forget Milli-cent. Ever since the last time he had been here and had become aware of her womanliness, her image had stayed with him. Seeing her again she was fairer than his remembrance of her, and dearer than when she had come to him in spirit.

"Allah be with thee, cousin," the girl said, conscious of his burning glance.

"Allah is always with thee," he responded; "and since I am near thee, I am near Allah."

"You are extravagant, cousin."

"How can I be extravagant, when it is impossible even to be just. The human language is not intended to describe heavenly beings."

The blush deepened on Malkhatoun's face. This was a new Orkhan speaking; and the light in his eyes

added fuel to the fire in her own heart. Yet she did not dare to understand what another woman might have let herself understand.

“As soon as I heard of your return to town I sent for you on a matter which concerns you deeply,” she said.

“I would that you had sent for me on a matter which concerned *you* deeply,” he replied.

His tone and his words disconcerted her. She hastened on: —

“Cousin, Princess Leila is holding Melisande Hanoum prisoner. I fear she means to hurt her.”

“Ah!” Orkhan commented. With rather exaggerated indifference he added, “What an absurd person Princess Leila is becoming.”

Malkhatoun had expected an outburst at her news, and was disappointed at his careless reception of it.

“I no longer care for Millicent Hanoum,” he went on, noticing the wonder in Malkhatoun’s eyes. “I know now that she is incapable of love, and therefore my own is dead.”

“She is a woman of a different race from us,” protested Malkhatoun generously. “They do not obey their instincts — they obey their minds more. Perhaps they do not understand love as we do. When we love, we belong wholly to our lord — he becomes our religion. If he loves us, we are willing to give eternity for one moment with him.”

She ended passionately, her little hands clasped over her heart. The veil on her head had fallen back, and the long loose cloak had half dropped from her shoulders. The light of the afterglow filled the room and fell upon her white throat and her face, already lighted by the feeling which was consuming her.

Orkhan, feasting his eyes on her beauty, and drinking in her words, was overcome by a rage of jealousy. From the moment he had learned that he wanted Malkhatoun, he had thought of her as his own; and to hear her speak thus of love set him on fire with suspicion.

“Who taught you to know love?” he demanded fiercely.

She hid her face in her hands, lest he should read the truth in it.

Orkhan snatched away her hands, and searching her very soul with his gaze, repeated: —

“Tell me! Who taught you to love?”

“Love himself,” she answered.

“Malkhatoun, for you to know all this, a man has come into your life.”

“What does it matter to you, cousin? You did not even know that I had grown to be a woman.”

“I know it now,” he answered hoarsely.

She freed her hands from his, afraid to guess his meaning, yet longing to hear the words which in her most daring dreams she had not hoped for.

He recaptured her rose-scented hands and, holding them palm up, kissed them. Her slender frame trembled, and he, drawing her so close to him that their lips almost met, imperiously demanded: —

“Who is the man you love?”

His tone enthralled the girl, who had loved him so long, with so little hope. Still she thirsted to hear his words, before she gave him hers.

“Why do you wish to know? Why do you care?”

“Because I love you! Because I want your love in return. Tell me who is the man?”

“You, Orkhan. It has always been you, even when I did not exist for you.”

“You have always existed. I carried you with me in my heart without knowing it. Even when I loved the girl from the West, you came and took your place by her side. I love you, Malkhatoun.”

He drew her nearer to him, and making a ring of her arms, placed them around his neck. Then, nestling her head on his breast, he enveloped her with his arms and inhaled the perfume of her hair and of her throat.

Thirsting to hear words of devotion which would be balm to his recent wound and would help to reëstablish his pride in himself as a conquering man, he asked: “And are you wholly mine?”

“Yours, Orkhan, as the flower belongs to its stem, as the star belongs to the firmament. Yours, lord of my life, to do with as you please.”



Yet even now she remembered that it was for Millicent she had sent for him. She disengaged herself from his arms.

“My lord, I sent for you because of Melisande Hannon. She is a prisoner — perhaps in great danger. What must I do?”

“Why trouble about her?” he replied, essaying to draw her to him again.

Through the fire in Malkhatoun a cold shiver passed at his egotism. But womanlike she would not permit herself to think ill of the man she was making her god.

“My lord, we must think of her.”

“Very well! When we become masters here, you may keep her as your slave, if you like.”

“She is not ours to dispose of, my lord. It is because we brought it upon her that she is now in danger. I cannot be happy till she is free, and out of the Palace.”

Orkhan laughed.

“Malkhatoun, my little Malkhatoun, you are jealous of her — you! you! my queen!”

“My lord, I love you above jealousy and above meanness. When you came to ask my help to get her, I already loved you. Still, I worked to give you as wife the woman you wanted — myself without hope. If you desired her again, I should again help to make her yours. It is not for me who love you to deny you

anything, even if its gratification should mean death for me."

Her nobility awed him.

"Forgive me, Malkhatoun. I will do what you wish, only you must wait twenty-four hours. Even at this minute I ought not to be here; but I could not keep myself from coming when you sent for me."

"Are things near a crisis, my lord?"

He nodded. "We shall strike in two days."

"Inshallah! Inshallah!" the girl prayed.

"And you know what that will mean, houri of my earthly heaven. It will mean that I can make you mine — absolutely mine."

"I am that now, my master. But since go you must, you had better go now, my lord." Taking one of his hands in each of hers, she led him to the door, and called for the slaves. "Go, my lord."

After he was gone she walked slowly back to the window. The gorgeous colors of the afterglow were sobered. Only small patches of yellow and rose were strewn here and there on the gray-blue sky, like flower petals scattered by the wind.

"I should have liked him more generous toward the woman he once loved," she murmured.

Her happiness was marred by this cruelty to that other woman; but she resolutely closed the door to her heart which admitted heresies toward her lord. She found excuse for him because Millicent had made

him suffer. She thought of the American girl's dreams and aspirations. Love was not all in Millicent's life, neither was it in that of Elpis. She tilted her head to one side and pondered deeply on life as these other two saw it.

All color had disappeared from the sky. A silver-gray mist hung between heaven and earth.

Malkhatoun's soul rose in prayer.

"Allah! they may be right, and they may be great, those two girls of the West; but oh! Allah, my creator, I thank thee for making me just a woman."

## CHAPTER XLIV

### THE CHILDREN OF THE GREEKS

**T**HE master has returned, Miss Elpis. He has gone to his rooms, and asked not to be disturbed."

"Thank heaven, he is back."

She went immediately to her brother, and found him writing. He rose on her appearance, with a slight frown.

"I am sorry, Niko, but it was of the utmost importance that I should see you at once. Millicent —" She stopped, struck by his appearance. He seemed so old and careworn. "Niko, how tired you look." She put her hand on his forehead. "You are feverish, too, dear."

"I have hardly slept since I left here."

"You must not work yourself to death, Niko."

"It is not work that pulls one down, — enthusiasm takes the hardship out of work, — it is lost confidence, disillusionment."

"Have the plans miscarried again?" she asked in a low tone.

He shook his head.

"The plans are all right. If nothing new goes wrong, the Young Turks will be masters here in two weeks."

"Then, what is it, Niko?"

“I have lost my faith in Orkhan, and mistrust the intentions of the Turks toward the Christians.”

“You ought never to have believed much in them, and you ought not to have made of Orkhan a sort of demigod, as you did.”

“He had always shown himself so fine; but since the night he killed the Armenian a curtain has dropped between what he appeared to be and what he is. We had a discussion two nights ago, and he clearly told me that the Young Turks had no intention of letting Crete go — and that he had come to think they were right. And he had sworn it to me, and on that promise the money was raised among the Greeks. Life contains so little when one loses faith in the man with whom one has worked for years.”

“Brother, have you given him most of your money?”

“No. I gave him most of my income, but the principal is intact. I was just engaged on that when you came in. I have a presentiment that I had better put my affairs in order. Some years ago I made a will leaving most of what I had to Orkhan to be used for the cause. I am revoking that will, and shall leave everything to you, to use for whatever purpose you think best. It is all in foreign securities, with the Bank of England.”

“Thank you, brother. We need money. We need better schools than we have; and above all, the Greek boys need military training.”

A significant glance passed between brother and sister, and for the first time in their lives both had only one thought — the fear of the Turk for their nation.

There was a knock at the door, and the old nurse came in with a letter.

“The messenger said it was urgent.”

She gave it to Elpis and left the room.

The girl tore it open and hastily read it.

“It is this I came to see you about,” she said, when she had finished it. “Millicent was carried off, three days ago —”

“Orkhan!” Righo cried, starting up.

“No. I thought so, too, until this letter came. It is —” she hesitated — “it is from a Turkish princess I know. Listen: —

“‘Your friend is in the haremlik of Princess Leila. I came by the knowledge only yesterday. It may be possible to rescue her to-night. I send you the key to a little gate in the Palace wall. At ten o’clock count three hundred paces northward from the southeast corner of the wall. There, there is a clump of four large cypresses. From then on, at intervals, are single cypresses, close to the wall. Opposite the twenty-first, after the clump of four, is a little gate, half hidden beneath a tangle of vines. It opens inward, and this key will unlock it. A guide will be waiting, a trusted eunuch of ours. Send two men only, armed

— steel is best. They may succeed — or they may die. Allah alone knows.’”

Elpis folded up the letter without reading the signature.

“Two men, did she say?” mused Righo. “Mitro and I will go.”

“Poor Mitro, how he would have liked it.”

“‘Would have liked it!’ — but why can’t he come?”

“He was with Millicent the day she was kidnaped and they left him for dead, after he had killed two of them. He is not out of danger yet. It is pathetic, Niko, to hear him beg me not to let him die. ‘Miss Elpis,’ he cries, ‘even Hell would not have me, an Albanian, if I were killed by eunuchs.’”

Into Righo’s weary face came a smile at this characteristic utterance.

“Let me see, then; whom shall I take with me?”

“Won’t you let Euripides Stellos go with you? He has been a comfort to me in this trouble.”

Righo gave a quick, questioning glance at his sister, but she shook her head.

“Will you make all the arrangements, Elpis? I must spend the whole of the day settling my affairs.”

“Very well, Niko. I will send for Euripides Stellos at once. It would be wise for him to go and reconnoitre. It will facilitate your manoeuvres at night.”

She rose and kissed her brother on the forehead.

She wished to tell him about their father, but changed her mind and went from the room.

At ten o'clock that night, Righo and Euripides were creeping along the wall of the Palace, counting the cypresses under their breath. The new moon had set hours before, and clouds shut off even the faint light of the stars.

In the dark, and in the vagueness of thought which the dark induces, they feared lest they had made a mistake in the counting.

"Do you make this the twenty-first?" whispered Righo, stopping.

"Yes," Euripides replied. "I could n't see the gate at all when I came to reconnoitre this afternoon. It must be under this clump of vines."

With considerable difficulty they found the door in the wall, and cautiously inserted the key. The hinges creaking slightly, they opened it and stepped inside.

The black form of a eunuch appeared before them.

"I am to conduct you," he said softly.

They followed him. He did not take any path, but walked noiselessly over the grass, in and out among the trees. The Greeks tried to preserve some idea of direction, in case flight became necessary; but soon lost all sense of this, and had to trust entirely to their guide.

The light night breeze was murmuring through the



trees and bushes, filling the air with obscure, terrifying noises that might mean anything or nothing. The life of the Palace was not yet asleep. This time was better than a later would be. If seen now, they might be mistaken for some who had business in the Palace grounds. There were lights in various palaces, and the sound of laughter and talking floated out on the vagrant breeze.

Their guide stopped, near one of the palaces, and motioned to them to squat down among a clump of bushes. For fifteen minutes they waited. Then there appeared two candles in a window.

"Everything is going well," the eunuch whispered. "Now we must wait until a third candle is placed by the other two."

A long half-hour dragged away. No third candle was lighted beside the two. Righo and Euripides became more and more impatient; but the eunuch remained stolidly squatting among the bushes, and showed no sign of anxiety.

"Ah!" breathed Righo, as finally a slave came to the unlatticed window.

She peered out into the night as if she would fain pierce its blackness where everything must be invisible to her. Then, leaning down, she blew out one of the candles, and then the other.

The Greeks caught the sinister import of the act even before the eunuch muttered excitedly: —

“Something has gone wrong!”

Still they waited, their eyes fixed on the dark, where the two candles had shone, hoping against hope that they would be relighted.

They had not yet made up their minds to abandon their undertaking when a shadowy form emerged suddenly from the darkness.

“Where are you, Senih?” whispered a girl’s voice.

“Here I am,” the eunuch whispered.

“Princess Leila was restless to-night, and she sent for the American slave to come and talk to her. You had better — *Hush!*”

She faded away into the night as silently as she had come. At the same instant the eunuch grasped Righo’s arm convulsively.

“Run to the gate!” he said in an agonized whisper. “The Palace guard is coming.”

At home Elpis, for one of her nature, was having a harder task than the men — inactivity. She had wished to go with them, at least as far as the gate; but Righo would not hear of this. In spite of all he knew of his sister, he could not get over the idea that the woman’s place was in the house to wait, while the man acted. And for once she was obliged to give in, since he refused to go unless she promised to remain at home.

The hours of the night dragged slowly on. Reading

or needlework was impossible for her. She roamed about the house; then out into the garden, and down to the Bosphorus, where the little waves, flapping against the landing, mocked at her. Her fears were less for Righo and Euripides than for Millicent. How had she been treated in the Palace? What had Princess Leila done to her? Had she disfigured her? Such a thing was quite possible.

Elpis could not help thinking that all the danger Millicent was now in was partially her fault. If Millicent had not come on this visit, she would probably not have seen Orkhan Effendi again. But since Millicent had seen him, she, Elpis, ought to have taken better care of her.

Toward the end of the short summer night, Elpis, standing on the eastern terrace, heard the sound of men's feet coming slowly and shufflingly up from the boat landing. She did not move to go to them. A premonition came over her that something dreadful had happened. Still as a statue she stood in the faint gray light. Four men were carrying a body up the path. Behind them walked Euripides, his bared head bowed. When he came near Elpis, he looked up as if he knew she would be there, waiting, and made a gesture of despair.

The men carried the body into the large drawing-room and laid it on a couch. Elpis came and knelt down, and took the face of her dead brother between

her hands, and kissed it over and over again. The tears flowed silently. At last she began to talk to him.

“Oh, Niko dear! And I did not tell you about father,” she whispered, as if he could still hear her. “Brother, he died endeavoring to free Macedonia. His death, like yours, was a noble one.”

She kissed his eyes and his brow and his lips, giving him the many tender names she had given him when she was a child and worshiped him without any criticism.

Euripides stood silently by, his heart bleeding at the grief he was unable to lessen. He wished that he were in her brother’s place. Then she might have been sorry for him. She might have cried for him. She might even have kissed him, dead.

At last Elpis looked up at him.

“Tell me, Euripides, how it all happened.”

She listened while in a muffled voice he described the failure of their plans, to the time when the candles were blown out. He continued: —

“Then the guards surprised us. We ran for the little gate, and had almost reached it when we found some eunuchs between us and it. Our guide deserted us. Rigbo and I fought our way on. Then he fell. The others caught up with us. I beat them off, and carried Niko through the gate and along the wall, till the men we had left with the horses heard the noise and came to our help.”

He had spoken simply, like a child telling why he has failed to execute an errand.

“And you carried Niko, while fighting for your life?” asked Elpis very gently.

“But you would have grieved if his body were left in their hands,” he replied.

“Yes, I should.”

She looked at him as if seeing him for the first time. She noticed his torn clothes, his bandaged head, and the limp way in which one of his arms was hanging by his side.

“Euripides,” she said slowly, “I do not have in my heart for you what I think a woman ought to feel for the man she marries; but if you want me, I will marry you.”

She held out her hand to him across her brother’s dead body.

Euripides took it and raised it to his lips.

Her willingness to pay with herself for what he had done for her moved him as he had never been moved in his life. Although at another time he might have taken her on any terms, at this instant he rose to the degree of nobility equal to her own.

“If you ever marry me, dear, you must have in your heart what you think you ought to have.”

In her turn Elpis raised his hand to her lips.

## CHAPTER XLV

### THE LAST CHAPTER

VERY early in the morning, two days later, a closed carriage drove rapidly through the villages along the Asiatic coast of the Bosphorus. It stopped at a side gate of the Paparighopoulos place, and the eunuch on the box beside the driver sprang down and opened the door.

Millicent Grey, clothed like a Turkish woman, stepped forth. She held out her hand to the *yash-made* woman inside.

“Good-bye!” she said. “I cannot imagine why you should have done this for me. I can only thank you.”

“Good-bye, young American hanoum. Tell the child of Xenophon Effendi that she may always come to me when she needs help — only when she needs help. Good-bye!”

The eunuch closed the door, and the carriage drove off as rapidly as it had come.

“What a strange sort of woman,” Millicent murmured, looking after it. “It must have been a considerable risk for her to rescue me. I suppose she is a friend of Elpis. Dear Elpis! I wonder if she is expecting me.”

Millicent passed through the gateway, and hurried

up the path, impatient to see her friend again. In the dewy morning, with the familiar garden about her, she had to glance down at her own attire to make herself believe that all her adventure in the Palace had been more than an ugly dream of the previous night, from which she had awakened to her ordinary life.

Yet the large gardens appeared singularly deserted. Usually the men were at work in them long before this time. When she came in sight of the villa she further noticed that its shutters were closed, and that the porches were devoid of their comfort of chairs and rugs. An indefinable air of desolation hung over the whole place, and Millicent hastened on, fearing lest its inmates might all have gone away. She rang the bell, and was relieved to hear footsteps approaching. The butler opened the door, and the joy and pleasure which came into his countenance was matched by the relief in her own at finding this indication of the usual habitation of the place.

“Miss Grey!” cried the man, almost moved out of his official decorum. “Miss Elpis is in the upper hall.”

Millicent flew past him, in her intense delight at finding Elpis here paying no attention to the aspect of the darkened hall, where every piece of furniture was covered with black, and the perfume of many flower-wreaths mingled with the scent of incense.

In the upper hall Elpis, in a black robe, was directing half a dozen women who were sewing on black

draperies. At sight of them, Millicent hesitated; but Elpis, dropping the crêpe she was holding, gazed at her for an instant as if she could not believe her eyes, and then rushed to her and threw her arms around her.

“My very dearest one!” she cried, touching her arms and shoulders to make sure it was a real Millicent and not a vision.

The warmth of the greeting dispelled the misgivings that had come over the American girl, and quite happily she let Elpis lead her to her old quarters, where the Greek girl again gave her an affectionate hug; then held her off at arms’ length, crying: —

“You really here! And safe — sound?”

Millicent only answered with a long sigh of content.

“And how did you get out?”

“In the middle of last night I waked up suddenly. A tall old woman was there. ‘Come with me,’ she said. She muffled me up till I could hardly see. Something in her manner made me feel that she meant me no harm, so I did exactly as I was told. Oh! you don’t know how I tried to keep down the hope that I was going to be freed, as we crept out into the cool night, and over the grass to a little gate in a tall wall. Outside was a carriage, and we drove a long way to a boat. After we crossed the Bosphorus there was another carriage, and — Oh! I almost forgot something she told me to tell you,” and Millicent delivered the message of the old woman to Elpis.



“And Princess Leila did you no harm all the time she had you prisoner?”

“W-e-l-l,” Millicent began a trifle doubtfully; but the bubbling joy of being safe with her friends again was too much for her. She threw back her head and laughed, and as she did so her scarf fell from her hair.

“Your hair! Your lovely hair!” Elpis cried.

Millicent laughed again.

“Yes, it suffered — vicariously. Princess Leila told me that she was going to disfigure me so that no man would ever care to look at me again. She began by cutting off my hair.”

“Did she do nothing else?”

Millicent held out her hands. On her wrist were the red marks of chains.

“That was n’t very bad,” she said cheerfully, “though I did hate the feeling of being perfectly helpless. Well, I came over here thinking I should be able to teach the women of the East. I have only learned myself. But, Elpis, why are you in black? Is Mitro — ?”

“No, he was only wounded. He will recover.” She stopped and considered for a minute. Yet there was no use in trying to hide it from Millicent. “My brother is dead.”

“Mr. Righo!” Millicent cried, horrified. “When? How?”

“Two days ago. I will tell you some day how he died — not now.”

Millicent fell on her knees before Elpis, and the two girls clung to each other for an instant. Then Elpis gently pushed her away, and rose to her feet.

“If you would like to see him, come now with me; for in a short time they will be here to take him.”

Elpis took Millicent down to the largest of the reception-rooms. It was all draped in black and wreaths of flowers were on every piece of furniture. In the middle of the room stood a black velvet coffin, heavily ornamented with silver. Torches were burning at the head and foot, and Niko Paparighopoulos, dressed as if for a reception, with a flower in his buttonhole, and the ikon of his patron saint on his crossed hands, was sleeping his last sleep and receiving his last human homage.

Millicent put her arm through that of Elpis, and the two girls drew near the coffin.

“So much I can tell you,” Elpis said at last. “His death was worth while.”

As they were standing thus, the door opened, and Mitro advanced painfully toward the coffin.

“Mitro! Have n’t the doctors forbidden you to move?” Elpis cried, running toward him.

Without disrespect he waved her aside, and came to his dead master. He placed both his hands on the body of Niko Paparighopoulos, saying solemnly: —

“So thou art dead, and the Turks have killed thee. But thou shalt not turn to ashes unavenged. There are ten knives in my belt and each of them shall be dyed with Turkish blood — each shall send to his grave a faithless Turk. I swear it to thee.”

Three times he made the sign of the cross; then bent and kissed the dead man's face and the ikon on his folded hands.

“To thee, Christian God, who ought to be reigning here, to thee I make my oath.”

A distant fusillade disturbed the heavy silence.

Elpis went to the window and stood listening.

There was a second fusillade, and then a third.

“It is beginning,” Elpis said tensely. “Turkey's supreme hour has come.” She clung to Millicent as if for protection. “I cannot feel trust in the Young Turks: I am 'afraid — afraid for all the Christians, and especially for the Greeks.”

There was more sound of firing, which seemed to shake Elpis to the very centre of her being.

In an awed tone she went on, as if she were one of the Greek maidens of ancient times looking darkly into the future:—

“What will be the outcome of the revolution? Will it mean the regeneration of Turkey — or will it mean at last the end of the Turks in Europe?”

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